

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XLII.

No. 3367 January 16, 1909.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCLX.

CONTENTS

I.	The Power Behind the Austrian Throne.	By Edith Sellers.	
			FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW 131
II.	London.	By Charles Whibley	NATIONAL REVIEW 139
III.	Sally: A Study. Chapters XII and XIII.	By Hugh Clifford C. M. G.	
	(To be concluded.)		BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE 146
IV.	Sixty Years in the Wilderness: Some Passages by the Way.	By Henry W. Lucy.	(To be continued.) CORNHILL MAGAZINE 152
V.	A Quiet Village.	By Rev. R. L. Gales	
			OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE REVIEW 165
VI.	The Bairn-Keeper. In Three Parts. Part Two.	By Jane H. Findlater	CORNHILL MAGAZINE 170
VII.	Condescension.		SPECTATOR 181
VIII.	The Novelette and the Superwoman.		NATION 183
IX.	Acting and Character.	By Walter Herries Pollock	
			SATURDAY REVIEW 185
X.	Daphne.		PUNCH 188
XI.	The European Population of the United States.		NATURE 189

A PAGE OF VERSE

XII.	Nili Nisi Divinum Stabile Est.	By A. R.	NATION 130
XIII.	Reisebilder.	By Rosamund Marriott Watson	ATHENÆUM 130
XIV.	Snorro the Viking.	By A. B. S. Tennyson	SPECTATOR 130

BOOKS AND AUTHORS	191
-------------------	-----



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

NIL NISI DIVINUM STABILE EST.

Again I trod the purple heath,
Again beheld the golden grain,
And eastward saw the summer main
That crowns the hollows far beneath.

Far other was that cold gray tide
When we two climbed o'er cliff and
dale;
No glory shone through Nature's
veil,
Yet all was sun with thee as guide.

We dreamed not that thy force would
end,
Thy prophet's voice and fire and
might.
With Thought and Love thy source
and light
We called thee comrade, hailed thee
friend.

Again by thy loved sea I trod
And marked the heather's purple
glow;
Still thou wast with me, for I know
Undying are the sons of God.

The Nation.

A. R.

REISEBILDER.

I heard the swallows twittering in the
dawn,
Their sweet-voiced travel-talk beneath
the eaves;
September dew lay deep upon the
lawn,
Strewn with gold patines of new-fallen
leaves.

I saw the valley shining through the
mist,
With deep woods billowing to the dis-
tant weald;
The far horizon's tender amethyst
Glimmered above the sea's dim silver
field.

The bird's soft gossip woke the
thought of you
In your enchanted palace over sea,
And, as I dreamed, the longing rose
anew
For other lands, and days no more to
be;

For the white road, the olives on the
hill,
The marble terrace high above the bay.
The slender cypress torches, and the
still
Gold air of evening folding in the day.

Ah, when you watch aloft on eager
wing
Their tiny crossbows sharp against the
blue,
Will you divine what dreams are fol-
lowing?
How with the birds my heart goes
southward too?

Rosamund Marriott Watson.

The Athenæum.

SNORRO THE VIKING.

"Oh, who can drink at the world's
brink,
Or reach the twilight star?
It's a long sail where the winds wall
And the great waters are.
Or who can say at the parting day
That he will see once more
His children's faces in happy places
And his true wife at the door?"

Snorro the Viking, his thigh striking,
Laughed in his big red beard.
"Some are bound by sight and sound,
And some have wished and feared.

The days dream like a droning stream
Or moonlight in a wood,
And who can sate his love or hate
Or the tumult of his blood?

Then cast the die for the open sky,
When the great sun beats aboard.
The foam-fleck and the narrow deck,
The life of oar and sword.

Life and limb for the wind's hymn
And all the fears that be,
The ghost races with ghastly faces
And the phantoms of the sea.

Hail the morrow," shouted Snorro,
"I longed and have not feared."
And his great laughter followed after
And rumbled in his beard.

A. R. S. Tennyson.

The Spectator.

THE POWER BEHIND THE AUSTRIAN THRONE.

(Who is the power behind the throne?) Whose handiwork is this? (These are questions which, in one form or another, have been asked again and again of late, and with keen anxiety, in every capital in Europe. For that it was the aged Emperor Franz Josef who planned the coup that set the world's nerves a-jangling last October, no one can believe. His Majesty is much too careworn and weary to sally forth of his own free will in search of adventure; his one wish is, as everyone knows, for rest and peace. If he has taken a step that makes for strife, he has assuredly taken it unwittingly, and only because someone or other had misled him, had persuaded him that it would make for peace all round. Such, at any rate, is the firm belief of a large section of his own people, and they know him better than any other people can. Among them the only point in dispute is who the "someone" was.)

In London it seems to be almost taken for granted that Baron Aehrenthal was the culprit: never would the Emperor-King have consented to the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, in the present unsettled state of Europe, it is argued, had he not been "captured" by his Foreign Minister. In Russia, however, where the Baron lived for years, and is therefore much better known than he is known in England, the idea of his ever even trying to capture his sovereign is simply scoffed at. There he is looked upon as an eminently safe man, the last man in the world, indeed, if left unprompted, to wax suddenly reckless and take to weaving backstair intrigues. And this is the view which, until quite recently, was held of him practically everywhere, even by those whose purpose it has served sometimes to pretend that they thought him dangerous. His

appointment as Foreign Minister, it will be remembered, was hailed on all sides as a good appointment, expressly because of his trustworthiness. He might not have the brilliancy of his predecessor, Count Goluchowski, it was admitted; but on the other hand he had more prudence and was therefore safer, it was maintained. And, as evidence that this was the case, attention was drawn to the fact that he had been in his young days the confidential secretary of Count Kalnoky, who was no mean judge of character, and that the Count had made him his literary executor. Thus, if Baron Aehrenthal played the chief rôle in the annexation drama, he not only gave the lie to his past life by playing it, but he showed how very little even those who knew him best really know him.

In Budapest, however, they who believe that it actually was he who played the chief rôle in this drama are few and far between, while even in Vienna their name is not Legion. In the one city as in the other, a strong suspicion prevails that the rôle he really played was that of the clever, well-trained official, who does what he is told to do very ably, and makes inspired speeches with consummate skill. This suspicion, indeed, amounts to something very like conviction among men of the class who are, perhaps, the best able to judge, *i. e.*, they who, because they have no taste for party strife, stand aloof from politics, watching the while with keen and critical eyes the way public affairs are managed. There are many such men in Austria, some few, too, in Hungary; and among them it is argued, with some show of reason, that the prime mover in this business, the power behind the throne that set the thing in motion, must have been someone who either wields great personal influence

over the Emperor-King, or who, owing to his position, can speak to him with a certain authority. Otherwise never would he have been able to induce his Majesty to listen to his project, much less to adopt it, and allow it to be carried out. And neither the one nor yet the other of these conditions is fulfilled either by Baron Aehrenthal or any of his colleagues. The Austro-Hungarian Ministers of Foreign Affairs, War, and Finance are all able men, and so are the ex-Austrian and the present Hungarian Premiers; but not one among them—not a statesman in the whole empire, indeed—wields any influence whatever over their Emperor; not one among them can claim to speak to him with even a shadow of authority. It is not among them, therefore, that the "someone" who is responsible for the present turmoil in Europe must be sought. So at least certain of these non-party politicians maintain; and they, having no axe of their own to grind, can see, perhaps, more clearly than those who have.

According to them, although there are several persons—the Archduchess Valérie and her husband among others—who in matters of no importance can persuade the aged Emperor to do almost anything, there are at the present time only two who, in State affairs, can bring influence to bear on him directly. And both these persons are, as it happens, in a position—practically they are the only persons in such a position—that enables them to speak to him, not, of course, with authority, but with something as near akin to authority as is permissible in the case of a great ruling sovereign. For the one is the German Emperor, Austro-Hungary's all-powerful ally, and the other, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, Austro-Hungary's future Emperor-King. The "someone" must therefore have been either the Emperor William or the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, they main-

tain. And although there are some few among them who hold that it was the Emperor, for everyone who does there are a score at least who hold that it was the Archduke.

The Emperor William is both too clever and too egoistic, they declare, to have suggested, even in a whisper, that Austro-Hungary, his one and only sure ally, should embark on a venture which must necessarily tie her hands for years to come, and thus prevent her from rendering him any service. Besides he gains nothing by the annexation, nay it may even cost him dear in the end, proof positive, surely, that it is none of his handiwork. It is the handiwork of Franz Ferdinand, they declare stoutly. Whether it makes for weal or for woe, the responsibility for it rests primarily on the Archduke. It was he who induced the Emperor Franz Josef to consent to it; it was he who induced Baron Aehrenthal and his colleagues to take the measures necessary for bringing it about. This they say openly, and many of their fellow-countrymen are inclined to agree with them, a fact that accounts perhaps for the lack of enthusiasm with which the announcement of the annexation was received in Austria, as well as in Hungary. For the majority of educated Austrians are prone to look askance on whatever the Archduke does or leaves undone; they wax nervous, indeed, whenever he does anything; and that he has done something in this business they have proof. In Berlin it was stated openly, in a semi-official Note, at the time of the annexation, that his Imperial Highness had taken an active part in bringing it about; while in Vienna it was admitted officially that he had interested himself in it quite specially.

In judging of this matter it must be remembered that, for some time past, the Archduke has taken his place by the side of the Emperor-King at State

Councils, whenever Near East affairs were under discussion; and that in the days immediately preceding the annexation, he was closeted with his Majesty, again and again, for the hour together. It must be remembered too, that the Emperor Franz Josef is an old man now, one whose strength is failing him fast; and that his nephew and heir is in very close relations with the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs and Baron Beck, who until the other day was the Austrian Premier. Already three years ago a well-known Hungarian assured me that Baron Beck was the Archduke's devoted servant, and that he might always be relied upon to do his master's behests faithfully.

Whether the Archduke was, or was not, the prime mover in this business may be a moot point; still, if he was, things that would otherwise be difficult to understand would be easily explained. For instance, the scant heed paid to Germany's convenience in arranging the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina would then be fully accounted for; so would the fact that, although the Magyars have often clamored for it, now that they have it they regard it with suspicion; for the fact, too, that whereas in Prague all the world extols it, in Vienna it is only in Federalist and Ultramontane circles that it meets with whole-hearted approval.

That the Archduke is no blind admirer of Germany and her ways all the world knows. He is far too devout a Catholic to have much sympathy with a Protestant State, far too fervent a patriot to have any sympathy at all with a State that allows even its own allies to feel its mailed fist upon occasions. He is, no doubt, just as firmly convinced as his uncle is that for Austro-Hungary the Triple Alliance is a necessity; still, he hardly takes the trouble to conceal the fact that the

necessity is a painful one. It is an open secret that he bitterly resented the sending of the "brilliant second" telegram; and that he is determined no chance shall ever again be given, if it lie in his power to prevent it, of sending another of the same kind. He took good care when Count Goluchowski fell that it was a friend of his own, one on whom he could securely count to adopt his views and pursue his policy, who was installed in the Ball Platz Palais. And thereupon the Palais at once began to change its tone toward the sister Palais in Berlin, to become more elaborately courteous even than before, but more reticent the while, less subservient; a fact which, coming to the knowledge of the Austrian Pan-Teutons, they were quick to ascribe to the influence of the Archduke. Before Baron Aehrenthal had been in office many months, they seized a quite frivolous pretext for making a virulent attack on his Imperial Highness in the Reichsrath. They showed strong personal animosity against him; and at the root of it was undoubtedly their conviction that in no undertaking in which he had the dominant voice would the convenience of Germany ever be consulted, or would her advice ever be asked.

Then the Archduke is a strong Federalist. When coming to England to represent the Emperor Franz Josef at the Coronation of King Edward, he raised a storm of indignant wrath by announcing his determination to bring with him representatives of Bohemia and Poland, as well as of Austria and Hungary. This in itself accounts, of course, for the high esteem in which he is held by all true Federalists, and also for the profound mistrust with which he, as all that he does, is regarded by Magyars. For to the Magyars the mere mention of Federation is as the shaking of a red rag before the eyes of a bull. The thought of Slavs,

Czechs, Poles, and perhaps even Croats, taking their place side by side with them on equal terms, as sister nations, drives them quite wild. And that this is the state of things the Archduke is bent on bringing about, they have never a doubt; for, not only is he a Federalist by conviction, but he is, as they profess to have proof, strongly pro-Slav and anti-Magyar in personal sympathy. The moment, therefore, that it was even suspected that the annexation was his handiwork, it was a foregone conclusion that they would—just as they have done—cavil at it, pronounce it inopportune, and regard it as boding them no good; a foregone conclusion, too, that the Federalists would hail it as a master-stroke of political wisdom. The Magyars would rather a thousand times that Bosnia and Herzegovina should have remained Turkish provinces for ever, than that they should be annexed to any part of the Empire but Hungary. And the Archduke will never consent to their being annexed to Hungary, they are sure. The Federalists are sure of it, too, and rejoice that it is so; for they wish Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia and Dalmatia to be united, and formed into an autonomous dominion. This is the Clerical solution of the Near East problem, as most of the Federalists are Clericals.

Significantly enough, among the very men who are most firmly convinced that the Archduke took the leading part in effecting the annexation, a difference of opinion exists as to the whys and wherefores of his taking it. On the one hand, it is argued that he insisted on the provinces being appropriated, because he himself approved of the appropriation, holding that it was for the benefit of the Empire; on the other hand, that he did so because he wished to gratify the Clerical party, whose support for himself, personally, he is determined at any cost to retain.

He gained it, both for himself and his morganatic wife, Princess Hohenberg, seven years ago by placing himself at the head of the Catholic School Union, their chief political association.

The Clericals have long had their hearts set on the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; for, as these two provinces form almost the only region where, in this our day, the Jesuits have quite a free hand, they look on them as their own peculiar property, a sort of happy hunting ground specially preserved for them. They have never a doubt but that they are destined to do a great work there for the honor and glory of their Church, and to find compensation there for losses sustained elsewhere. They have already done a great work there, indeed, they boast; and as proof they point to the fact that there are now nearly 400,000 Catholics in the two provinces.

Since that turbulent priest, but most genial and charming of men, Archbishop Stadler, has had his home in Serajevo, Catholicism has certainly spread by leaps and bounds both in Bosnia and in Herzegovina. For he combines the zeal of a Loyola with the sympathy of a St. Francis and the boundless charity of a Little Sister of the Poor; and he throws himself into his work as a propagandist with a vigor and enthusiasm that sweeps everything before it. Nor does he stand alone. Not only in Serajevo, but in every district throughout the provinces there are priests striving, sometimes singly, sometimes in twos and threes, "to spread the light," as they say. They are able men for the most part, consummate diplomatists, indeed, some of them, keen-sighted, wary, and with all that instinctive knowledge of human nature which seems to be the special heritage of Loyola's followers all the world over. Ever since the occupation was proclaimed, more than thirty years ago now, these priests have been going

about among the natives, teaching them, bringing persuasion, cajolery, nay, perhaps even threats, to bear on them; for *la fin ne justifie-t-elle pas les moyens?* If they lay cunningly devised ambushes sometimes, and have recourse to stratagems which to mere worldlings seem unscrupulous, as well as ruthless, it must not be forgotten that it is war to the death between their Church and the Orthodox and the Mahomedan Churches; and that they look on themselves as soldiers fighting for the holiest of all causes, against foes whom it is their bounden duty to smite hip and thigh. And they certainly have smitten them again and again. Three years ago, when I was among them, they held the converted in the hollow of their hand, and could worry and harry the unconverted at will. For the whole higher administration was under their control; as, by bringing pressure to bear in Vienna, they could procure the removal of any official who ventured to run counter to their wishes. Already then the Catholic Church was all-powerful there, more powerful, as it seemed, than the State. Already then it was clear that, let the State say or do what it would, the Church would not allow the Sultan's flag to flaunt the air much longer. They had laid their plans indeed for hauling it down, and had even fixed the day. Had the Emperor Franz Josef kept his word and paid a visit to Herzegovina in the autumn of 1906, he would have found a demonstration awaiting him organized for the express purpose of forcing his hand, and leaving him with no alternative, as it was hoped, but to proclaim forthwith the annexation of the two provinces.

There is in Vienna a little clique of men and women who place the interests of their Church before those of their country, and draw their inspiration from the Vatican, not the Hofburg. Among them there was wailing

and wringing of hands when it was announced, one September morning, that their Emperor had suddenly discovered that he had a cold—a diplomatic cold, it was whispered—and therefore would not go to Trebinje. Had they but known it, this was, from their point of view, all for the best; for the Archduke went in his uncle's stead, and in his stead was "captured."

The Archduke is, as his *Diary* while on his journey round the world proves, peculiarly susceptible to certain influences. The wonderful beauty of this land under Austro-Hungary's care must have stirred his imagination; the very helplessness of its people, their unworldliness and ignorance, must have appealed to him forcibly. For he is strongly imbued with the old feudal feeling that, while the lowly must serve the exalted, the exalted must take thought for the lowly and protect them. Never was there a man more pitiful where the poor and suffering are concerned; never a man more keenly alive to the duty he owes to those dependent on him. Nothing he saw while in America made so painful an impression on him, he tells us in his *Diary*, as the callous indifference with which certain great capitalists treat their work-people as machines.

Crowds came out to meet him at Trebinje, raising loud "Zhivios" in his honor, appealing to him for help, as it seemed, and placing themselves under his protection. And he, not knowing that they came because they were paid to come, and cried "Zhivio" to order, was touched to the quick. He was told no doubt that all these people hated and feared Turkey, and were devoted heart and soul to Austria; was told also that they were longing to become Catholics, but dare not, because the Mahomedan Sultan was their suzerain. The result was, of course, a foregone conclusion. When he returned to Vienna there was keen delight in

the Ultramontane inner circle; for it was easy to see that his head was all aglow with the thought of Bosnia and Herzegovina transformed into a sort of mediæval Arcadia, organized on Christian Socialist lines, and with priests not only as teachers and caretakers, but as rulers. Perhaps, even then, he saw in his dreams Austro-Hungary's flag flying over every State in the Balkans, and the Catholic Church reigning there in triumph. Dr. Stadler's official title is "Délégué apostolique pour les pays slaves dans la Péninsule des Balkans."

For some four years before he went to Herzegovina, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand had, so far as is known, stood completely aloof from public affairs, not only because that is the attitude prescribed for all Archdukes by Austrian etiquette, but also because, on the rare occasion when he had tried to do otherwise, his future subjects had shown resentment. Already when he started, however, he had managed to install Baron Beck as Austrian Premier; and within a few weeks of his return he installed Baron Aehrenthal as Foreign Minister, thus securing for himself the chance, should he ever care to use it, of making his influence felt both in home and foreign affairs. And that he did care to use it, and did actually use it speedily, there is evidence, if not proof, in the fact that Baron Beck set to work at once to frame a Universal Suffrage Bill, and that Baron Aehrenthal turned his attention to the Near East, and became quite lavish with his smiles toward France, while holding a little aloof from Germany. The Archduke is a devoted admirer of France, and is in close sympathy, as he tells us in his *Diary*, with the French as a nation.

So far as the world knew, however, he had nothing to do with public affairs at that time. No political importance was attached therefore to the

lively interest he soon began to manifest in Near East affairs. Probably no one outside the little Belvedere circle, indeed, was aware that he was studying eagerly everything that concerned Bosnia and Herzegovina, and lending an attentive ear to all who had schemes to unfold for their development. Up to the day the Novi Bazar railway project was sprung on the world, the chances are it never occurred even to the most mistrustful of Pan-Teutons to suspect him of anything but a purely platonic attachment for the region confided to Austro-Hungary's care. When the railway project was followed by the annexation project, it was otherwise, of course. Then many who are neither mistrustful nor yet Pan-Teuton began to shake their heads, and to talk as they talked in the days when the Archduke was bent on bringing with him to London four national representatives, instead of two. And they talked faster, if not louder, than ever, when it became known that his Imperial Highness was planning a State visit to the annexed provinces; and that his friend, Count Johann Zichy, was counting on being appointed their first Statthalter. Count Zichy is a pronounced Christian Socialist, and he was at one time the leader of the People's Party in the Hungarian Parliament. The Archduke's first battle royal with the Magyars was due to his having invited the Count to go with him to St. Petersburg as the official representative of Hungary.

It is interesting to note the subtle change that has come over public opinion with regard to the Archduke of late, both at home and, as the German Emperor's visit to Eckartsau proves, abroad. Personally, he is not one whit more popular now than he was a year ago, not one whit more loved or trusted, excepting among the Clericals and Federalists. Still he is certainly held in a very different estimation now

from that in which he was held then. No section of his future subjects argue now, as they used to do, even a few months ago, that he is politically *une quantité négligeable*, because a mere stupid Archduke. Even the feather-brained among them realize clearly now that he is a factor in their national life with which they will henceforth have to reckon. They can no longer shut their eyes to the fact, let them try as they will, that whatever else he may be he is no *fainéant*. The old fiction that he had no thought in his head beyond his garden is dead now, as dead as Queen Anne. It died within a few days of the annexation, and the wonder is that it lived so long as it did. At length the world, the Austro-Hungarian world, at any rate, has begun to understand that the men were speaking with knowledge who, already years ago, pronounced him strong-willed as well as daring; and prophesied that, with a clever, nimble-witted wife by his side, he would make his mark for good or for evil. The result is there is much dreaming of wild dreams on the one hand, and much wailing and lamenting on the other. Many people are honestly convinced that glorious days are in store for Austro-Hungary, when Franz Ferdinand is Emperor-King; and still more are equally convinced that woe and desolation will then be her lot. And Franz Ferdinand will in all human probability soon be Emperor-King now. In the ordinary course of nature, he will, as sovereign, be called upon to make his influence felt in every department of the State, before many years have passed, even supposing that, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, he is not, as Heir Apparent, making it felt already. This is why special interest is attached to a little pamphlet which was published early last spring, under the title, *Erzherzog Franz Ferdinand von Oesterreich—Este: was hat man*

von seiner zukünftigen Regierungstätigkeit zu erwarten?

Who the author of this pamphlet is, it would be rash to say; for the name he gives himself, Baron von Falkeneegg, appears in no Red Book either in Austria, or in Germany. Judging by the tone in which he writes, however, he is an Austrian of the ultra-clerical clan; and the care with which he avoids the mention of Princess Hohenberg's name, might almost make one think that he is a frequenter of the Palais Belvedere. Be this as it may, his leaflet contains no Palais revelations; there is not a hint in it, indeed, that he who wrote it has ever even seen the Archduke, whose political programme he professes to unfold. He goes out of his way, indeed, to emphasize the fact that he is a rank outsider, one who studies passing events, but from before the stage, not behind. This position has its advantages, of course; as it enables him to make statements which, if made by anyone who was known to be a friend of the Archduke, might raise a storm. Mere outsider though he be, however, he seems in close sympathy with the Archduke's friends, with that little clique of them who address Princess Hohenberg as Royal and Imperial Highness. At any rate he evidently thinks as they think, cherishes the same hopes as they cherish, and indulges in the same dreams as they do. He writes, in fact, in precisely the strain in which they would write, were they allowed to write at all; and in which they do actually talk, when quite sure that neither *Die Neue Freie Presse*, nor yet *Die Arbeiter Zeitung* are listening. Thus a certain weight is attached to his views, even though he himself be a person of no importance whatever.

Before dealing at all with the Archduke's political programme, Baron Falkeneegg makes a determined effort

to secure popularity for the Archduke himself, by trying to show that there is no foundation for the mistrust with which he is admittedly regarded by many of his future subjects, owing to his pronounced Clericalism. That his Imperial Highness is a Clerical of Clericals, a warm friend of the Jesuits, too, the Baron does not deny. The task he set himself is to prove that it is well for Austro-Hungary that it is thus. He extols his so-called blazing indiscretion, in placing himself at the head of the School Union, as an act of consummate statesmanship, one bound to have far-reaching consequences. According to him, the Archduke, by throwing in his lot with the Clericals, has secured for himself and his country all the immense political influence the Catholic Church wields. As Emperor-King he will, therefore, always have the priests on his side, he will always be able to count on the support of the Vatican for the honor and glory of his Empire, and for the furtherance of its interests in every part of the world. Thus he will be able to do a great work for his people; for "Man weiss von ihm, dass er der Mann ist, die Macht der Katholischen Kirche, der Katholischen Religion vielmehr . . . zur Wahrung österreichischer Politik zu benutzen. . . . Alle die je Gelegenheit hatten, dem Erzherzog Franz Ferdinand näher zu treten, rühmen seine Geldestgaben und seinen scharfen Blick für politische Dinge."¹

A hint is given as to where he will turn the influence of the Church to account for the furtherance of the interests of his Empire. Austria is destined to serve as a link between Europe and Asia, and to carry Western civilization, together with the true faith,

eastward, we are informed; for now that Russia is become semi-Asiatic, she has ceased to be a civilizing power. And the Baron points to the skill with which Austria has managed to attach to her Empire the Mahomedans of Bosnia and Herzegovina, as proof that she has a real genius for "spreading the light."

Then well as it is for Austria that her future Sovereign is Clerical, it is better still, it seems, that he is in close touch with the Jesuits. For it is through the Jesuits, and them alone, that he can come into touch with the masses. The Jesuits are the only true Democrats, the Baron contends, the only true social reformers. They are doing in Austria precisely the same work as the Salvation Army is doing in England—working not only for the poor, but with the poor. Ignatius Loyola was just such a man as General Booth is, we are told; and the deduction is that the more the Archduke sees of the Jesuits, the better it will be for his people when he is Emperor. It is thanks to them, indeed, in a measure at any rate, that he is so keenly interested as he is in the condition of the poor, and so anxious to promote their welfare. The solution of the great social problem, on Christian Socialist lines, holds the chief place in his political programme, we are assured; we are assured, too, and quite gravely, that there are points on which the Archduke is in warm sympathy with Dr. Lueger, Vienna's famous anti-Semite Burgomaster!

When Franz Ferdinand ascends the throne he will adopt as his own the Emperor Franz Josef's programme, only as "neue Zeiten erfordern neue Aufgaben, neue Gesichtspunkte," he will add to it the solution not only of the social problem, but of other problems as well, Baron Falkenberg declares. For the relations between the two halves of the Empire must be fortified,

¹ "He is known to be the man to use the power of the Catholic Church, or rather of the Catholic Religion, for the promotion of Austria's political aims. . . . All who have ever had occasion to approach him, lavish praise on his talents, and his keen insight in political affairs."

strengthened, and placed on a sound basis, and more extended autonomy must be granted to the Slav provinces. In other words, under the new régime, the national rights of the Magyars are to be curtailed, while those of the Slavs are to be extended. The former will have their wings clipped, in fact, while the latter will have their cage door thrown open. "Das erfordert die Gerechtigkeit, das Verständnis für begreifliche National-bestrebungen, die in jedem Staatswesen, bis zu einem gewissen Grad anerkannt werden."²

A noteworthy feature of the pamphlet is the undisguised hostility its author manifests towards the Magyars, "die Hunnen," as he calls them contemptuously. With them pride of race is become a sort of madness, he maintains. They look upon themselves as a nation of Supermen, and on their fellow races as mere rabble. Nowhere are minorities treated with such ruthless injustice as in Hungary, nowhere with such insolence. This state of things will not continue long, however, we are given to understand; as Franz Ferdinand may be relied upon, when their ruler, to bring home to the Magyars that they themselves are only a minority, even in their own land, and to give them a much-needed lesson in the art of demeaning themselves modestly and with propriety.

If Baron Falkenegg is a trustworthy
The Fortnightly Review.

witness, Franz Ferdinand's political programme is already arranged down to the minutest detail; and the great work to which he, as Emperor-King, will set his hand, with the help of the Church, is already clearly defined. He will make it his mission in life to transform the Dual Monarchy into a Federal State; he will make it his mission, too, to better the lot of the poor by solving the social problem on mediæval, *i.e.*, Christian Socialist, anti-Semite lines; and to spread Catholicism, together, of course, with his Imperial rule, through the whole of the Balkan region. And by so doing he will bring into the field against him the Magyars to a man; the whole might of *la haute finance*, too, which is essentially modern in its views; and the whole might of the Orthodox and the Mahommedan Churches, to say nothing of the might of the Orthodox and the Mahommedan sovereigns. His aide-de-camp as Grand Missioner, will be priests no doubt; and the spirit in which he will work will be that which prompted him to exclaim: "Thank God, there are again people in Europe who are angry with us."

Thus, unless all the omens are at fault, when Franz Ferdinand is Emperor-King, his subjects may perhaps win laurels, but they will not sleep well o' nights.

Edith Sellers.

LONDON. *

When John Stow sat him down to what he called "the discovery of London," he approached his task in a spirit of loyal humility. "It is a duty," said he, "that I willingly owe to my native mother and country," and he discharged the duty with all the zeal

and intelligence that were his. "What London hath been of ancient time," he claims, "men may here see, as what it is now every man doth beholde." Alas, we behold it no longer, and it is not easy to reconstruct London's vanished beauty from Stow's record. He

² "Justice required that this should be done: the right understanding of national aspirations which to a certain point are recognised in all States."

* "A Survey of London," by John Stow. Reprinted from the text of 1603, with Introduction and Notes by C. L. Kingsford. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

saw it, as we see it, in a moment of transition. Gothic austerity was yielding to the grace and lightness of the Tudor style. Timber was replacing stone. Stow is quick to record the triumph of the new material. "Downe lower have ye Elbow lane," says he, "and at the corner thereof was one great stone house, called Olde Hall, it is now taken downe and diverse faire houses of timber placed there." Contrary to the conservative habit of his mind he seems to have welcomed the innovation. In a passage of rare enthusiasm he acclaims the stately house of brick and timber lately raised by Sir Robert Cecil, but his enthusiasm was evoked less by the elegance of the design than by the paved and levelled highway, which beautified the street and served for the great commodity of passengers. Stow, in fact, did not presume to explain or to criticise the architecture of London. He was a plain man, who dealt with facts, catalogued monuments, wrote down inscriptions, and left the work of appreciation to others. In his eyes a palace and a conduit were of equal value. A visit to St. Martin's Oteswick inspired him to this reflection, "You had of olde time a faire well with two brackets so fastened that the drawing up of the one let downe the other, but now of late that well is turned into a pumpe." Herein may be discerned the true spirit of the book—a book written not merely by a citizen for citizens, but by an antiquary for antiquaries.

And Stow, being both a citizen and an antiquary, had all the limitations of his kind. He was not very observant and he was very credulous. If he was all unconscious of the city's wonderful aspect, he was eager to believe in any legend that was brought to his ear. He is vastly interested in the strange bones that once were treasured in ancient churches. He tells us little

enough of St. Lawrence in the Jewry, but he does not forget the immense bone which he saw there, fastened to a post of timber, which most took to be the thighbone of a man, and which he doubtfully attributed to "an oliphant." As to the larger specimen, preserved in the church of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, he had no doubt. "True it is," he writes in all simplicity, "that this bone (from whence soever it came) being of a man, as the form sheweth, must needes be monstrous, and more than after the proportion of five shanke bones of any man now living amongst us." Again, though he pronounced Gerrard the giant and his mighty staff to be fables, perhaps because Grafton gave credit to them, and because the master of the hostelry where the staff was kept, refused to tell him its history, but bade him consult a rival chronicle, he put implicit faith in his father's story that once, upon St. James's night, the devil appeared in the church of St. Michael's, Cornhill, and left the print of his claws on certain stones in the north window, as if they had been so much butter. Such was Stow's temper, such the criticism of his time. He exercised his faith as he chose, accepting this fact and rejecting that, according to the whim and fancy of the moment. It is, indeed, his prejudices which give life and humor to his work. He cursed most heartily him who removed his neighbor's landmark. Living at a time when the city was greedily encroaching upon the open spaces, he lost no chance of condemning those who covered what once were pleasant walks with bricks and timber. Sorrowfully does he record that apples grew where now houses were lately builded, and that from Houndsditch in the west to Whitechapel in the east the fields were all turned into "Garden plottes, teynter yarges, bowling allyes, and such-like." The truth is

that, though, as I have said, he smiled upon the houses of the new fashions, in all other matters he hated change with a constant heart. His sentiment was anchored securely in the past. Even the inns of London were little to his taste. He remembered with pleasure the brave days when Eastcheap was a cook's row, and that there they cried hot ribs of beef roasted, pies well baked, and other victuals. "Of olde time," says he, "when friends did meet, and were disposed to be merrie, they went not to dine and supper in taverns, but to the cookes, where they called for meate what then liked, which they alwayes found ready dressed at a reasonable rate." As he loves the customs, so he loves the charity and magnificence of ancient days, when the poor man found a ready welcome at the rich man's gate, and the rich man thought it no dishonor to display his wealth. He tells us, with a reflected pride, that time was when Wolsey kept 400 servants, excluding his servants' servants, who were a goodly train, and he was old enough to recall the grandeur and generosity of the religious houses. He had seen a buck brought up to the altar steps of Paul's in solemn procession, and had watched the dean and chapter, apparelled in copes and vestments, with rose-garlands on their heads, send the body of the buck to the baking. His well-stored memory carried him back to the reign of King Henry, and as he lived to see the first James mount the throne he had witnessed a complete revolution in thought and manners. He recked not of revolutions. He turned his eyes resolutely backward; he sought in history what his own age could not give him; in pious secrecy he deplored the evil influence of the reformation; he witnessed with a sad regret the influx of penurious foreigners, and he descended to an honorable poverty without making a single concession to

the changed world that lay about him.

If he was not quick in appreciation, if he knew not how to describe or applaud, if he was so patient a collector of facts, which he could neither contrast nor combine, that he never ceased to be hampered with his own collections, none was ever a more constant lover of London than he. He quotes the testimonies to its grandeur wherever he can find them. He delights in the praise of Tacitus, that London, though no colony of the Romans, was yet most "famous for the great multitude of merchants, provisions and intercourse." But it was not for its beauty and romance that he loved it. He loved it because there he was born and bred, because it reminded him that he was a citizen of no mean city, because the tailor's stall, which brought him bread and cheese, stood hard by the famous pump of Aldgate. The brilliance and color of its streets, the courage of its many-colored life, the skill of its poets, the enterprise of its adventurers, escaped him. And yet the vision of its splendor might have tempted to enthusiasm even a citizen's pen. A city, noble in its simplicity, with tortuous streets, which turned and twisted by an accident of slope or stream between gabled houses of fair brick and sturdy timber—such was London in Stow's day. The brave costume and proud bearing of the rufflers and courtiers, who lived side by side with prosperous merchant or thrifty shopkeeper, was worthy so handsome a setting. There were met within a narrow compass men of a hundred crafts and a hundred talents. Travellers, fresh from the wonders of the new world, jostled actors from the Globe and the Curtain, or drank with soldiers fresh from the wars in the taverns of Wallbrook or on the Bank-side. Like the true citizen that he was Stow passed them idly by. He

had no eye for strange sights, no ear for strange stories. Give him a pageant or a Lord Mayor's Show, and he was content. Let him amuse his leisure at a bear-baiting or a fair, and he did not ask exotic pleasures. Of architecture he made but one demand: let not the houses be too high. He deemed no censure, no punishment excessive for those who expressed their arrogance in lofty walls. The first private man that ever he heard of, who built a high tower of brick to overlook his neighbors, was Angell Dune, grocer, and Alderman of London, and the delight of his eye was punished with blindness some years before his death. The second citizen, who travelled thus far on the path of vainglory, came to no better end. Richard Wethell was his name, and having in his hot youth transgressed Stow's unalterable canon, he "became in short time so tormented with goutes in his joynts, of the handes and legges, that he could neither feed himself, nor goe further than he was led, much lesse was he able to climbe, and take the pleasures of the height of his Tower." Thus a proper Nemesis overtook those who dared to ape the impiety of Babel, and Stow's condemnation was perfectly just. London is a true city of the North, and cannot endure tall houses, which shut out the light and cast long shadows. Nothing should interrupt the rays of sun, always too few, which fall upon its streets, and Stow's contemporaries were fortunate, in that the two miscreants, who dared to darken the sky with their proud roofs, were speedily overtaken by a poetic justice. The London of to-day is less happy. Its citizens are free to heap up mountains of bricks and mortar, of stone and iron. This they do not for pride but for profit, and, in order that they may swell an over-full pocket, the poor wayfarer must walk up and down like a

pigmy at the bottom of a sightless, airless tank.

A far stranger limitation than his insensibility to the beauty and romance of life was Stow's complete ignorance of the drama. He lived in England's golden age, and was all unconscious of his privilege. His mind was as little picturesque as his style. Devoid himself of imagination, he prized it not in others. The great ones of the earth made no impression upon his provincial mind. To read his *Survey* is to get an impression of a county town, where nothing happened of greater importance than the election of a mayor. Too old-fashioned to understand the new craft of the stage, he has no word to say of Shakespeare. Ben Jonson was his familiar friend, and he displays less interest in the poet than in last year's sheriff. The ancient plays, which two hundred years before his time took three, and even eight days to enact, aroused his curiosity. They belonged to the realm of archæology, in which he, the studious tailor of Aldgate, was a reigning monarch. The plays of his own time inspired him no more than this simple statement: "Of late time in place of these Stage playes, hath been used Comedies, Tragedies, Enterludes, and Histories, both true and fained: for the acting whereof certain publike places have beene erected." And then he passes hastily to the more congenial topics of cock-pits and tennis-courts. The omission is remarkable, even if it proves no more than that the prophet must expect no honor among his contemporaries. For Stow, though a citizen, was not unlettered. He gave many years of his life to the making and editing of books. He had done his best to bring the works of Chaucer before the eyes of his countrymen. He knew something of Gower, whose works he possessed in manuscript. He quotes Lydgate and *Piers the Plowman*. Yet

he knew no more of Shakespeare than of Holbein, and it is by his limitations that we mark him: a fusty old tailor, to whom a Latin chronicle said more than *Hamlet*, a student, who found more in the dullest record than in the sights and sounds of London, a writer, for whom the seven deadly sins are all comprised in the one sin of inaccuracy, who has a word for Aschan, the fish-monger, and none for Ascham the schoolmaster, and who mentions Sir Francis Drake, "that famous Mariner," for no better reason than that he once inhabited a great old house, called the Erber. In brief, worthy, affable, and merry as he was, he had closed his ears to the Sirens' song, and it is not to him that we must go for an echo of his melodious age.

Stow's London, then, is a strange dispeopled place, where no footfall is ever heard and no laugh echoes. Even his aldermen and sheriffs are but names to which neither respect nor quality is attached. For the intimacy which divides the character of those about him, Stow had neither taste nor talent. If you could measure how far he fell short of his opportunity, turn to the more highly gifted of his contemporaries, who professed an interest in London. Instantly the honest man, so great among the chroniclers, is dwarfed to his proper stature. Thomas Nashe, for instance, understood London as well as any of his fellows, and for him it is a place of amusement or repentance, according to the shifting of his mood. None knew better than he the life of the tavern and playhouse. To none were revealed more clearly London's ghostly dominations and the terrors of its nights. None more eloquently deplored the ambition and covetousness, the athelism and lust, which beset the city to its undoing. With a familiar touch he sketched the ostler that hath built a goodly inn, the carman in his leather pilch, the black-

gowns and buckram bags of Westminster Hall, the malcontents, who dined with Duke Humphry at Paul's, the old straddling usurers, who gave him cold comfort in his necessity. And he made all these and many others real, because he had, what he said the chroniclers lacked, "the wings of choice words to fly to heaven." But, vividly as he sees what lies about him, it is denunciation which best suits his humor and his style, and he falls upon London, like a prophet of evil, foretelling its doom with a sinister raillery. "London," he cries, "look to thyself for the woes that are promised to Jerusalem are promised to thee. . . . Fly from sin, take no pride or vainglory in it. . . . Ah! what is sin that we should glory in it? To glory in it is to glory that the Devil is our father. Doth the peacock glory in his foul feet?" Nashe's inspiration is literary, no doubt. We need not assume that he was overcome by puritanical zeal, or that he was a Bunyan, eager for the world's reform. He was but painting a vision of the London which he saw, and which was as remote from the London of the chroniclers, who wrote of "nothing but mayors and sheriffs, and the dear years and the great frost as the London of Elizabethan's reign was from the well-ordered, petroleum-driven city of to-day."

As little shall we recognize the London of the plain citizen in Dekker's masterpiece of cruel observation: the *Gull's Horn Book*. Here, at any rate, Dekker displayed not even a literary interest in reformation. He was content to hold the mirror of ridicule before the face of the Gull, who had not the wit to see his own image reflected therein. Irony and malice are the weapons wherewith he attacks the insolent youth "about," and we admit the truth of his satire, because the traits that he shows us are common to all the ages. He takes his young gal-

lant to an ordinary, where he bids him discourse as loud as he can, to no purpose, to laugh in fashion, and not to doff his cap to the gentleman, to whom two nights since he was beholden for a supper. Then he sends him off to the playhouse, and seats him on the stage, thus giving him a conspicuous eminence, and "a signed patent to engross the whole commodity of censure." Here he tells him he shall be crowned with rich commendation if he "laugh aloud in the midst of the most serious and saddest scene of the terriblest tragedy," and urges him, if he like not the poet, to rise with a screwed face from his stool, and to distaste the scenes the worse, the better they are. And so the gallant passes from playhouse to tavern, and "after the sound of pottle-pots is out of his ears, and that the spirit of wine and tobacco walks in his brain, the tavern door being shut upon his back, he casts about to pass through the widest and goodliest streets in the city"; he insults the watch, talks of lords if any one approach; and is ready at noon on the morrow to begin another day in Paul's Churchyard, censuring new books, mewing at the old, visiting the tobacco-ordinary, or breathing in a fence-school. And Dekker drew from the life; we should know his gull if we meet him in Piccadilly to-day; and there is a nearer approach to truth and humanity in one of his pages than in all the folios of honest Stow.

But it is not merely the types of London which endure. The ground-plan of the city still resists the shocks of time and chance. Though scarce a dwelling-house remains upon which John Stow cast his eyes, the Londoner may use a map of the sixteenth century and not find himself hopelessly at fault. And with the ground-plan the names of the streets persist also. Cornhill and Lombard Street, Cheap and Budge Row, Aldgate Street and

Poultry—there they are in Shakespeare's London as they are in ours. Other buildings have risen on their fringe and are put to other purposes, but the highway keeps the same, and by the same signs you may trace it. And London, breathing the air of a stern Conservatism, is confronted by the same problems which perplexed the Elizabethans. Changed as it is, it cherishes the same ambitions, it attempts to suppress the same abuses as of yore. A certain graduate of Oxford, who, at Stow's bidding, attempted to give us "an insight" into the city, would enter readily into our discussions if he came back to life. He knew full well that London's first necessity was to find proper markets for its merchandise. He did not think that the shortest cut to the golden age was to buy all things cheap and to sell nothing. He urged the city to follow the counsel of that good old husband, Marcus Cato, saying: "Oportet patrem famillas vendacem esse non emacem," since ruin lurked in a policy of bringing more merchandise from beyond the sea than we sent over. Again, the cry of "back to the land" was raised as loudly in the sixteenth century as it is raised to-day. London was already drawing to herself all the industries of the country. Artificers and retailers alike were leaving the ancient cities and market towns to bring their wares to the capital, where they found a readier sale. And as the countryside dwindled London grew, spreading out its arms to embrace the suburbs, more bitterly loathed then than now, and converting great houses into many tenements. In vain were laws passed to check the invading city. London heeded no laws; long since she claimed the outskirts for her own, and placed them in her giant circle with many a country town besides.

The London of Stow, then, has disappeared, save its names and its plan.

And since Stow's day there have been many Londons, each one of which has left some trace behind. No pedantry had until lately disturbed the beautiful path of accident, and if Paris may vaunt the beauty of her design, it is character which has separated the London which yesterday we knew from all the cities of the earth. The Haussmann ideal has long been reducing Europe to a meaningless uniformity. A few relics of old Spain are hidden away in corners of Madrid. The style that is only too familiar thrusts itself upon us as we travel its wider thoroughfares. It is the boast of every German capital to be a little Paris. But London has been resolutely conservative. Even when she made up her mind to replace a tangled network of streets with a boulevard, she was wont to do it with half a heart. How long is it since Shaftesbury Avenue was planned? And how long will the dingy houses of Soho redeem its western side from vulgarity? In fact, London was not built; it grew at hazard. As you cross some of its streets you may still pass from century to century. You may change the Classic for the Gothic style. You may discover a masterpiece of the Adams cheek by jowl with a monstrous agglomeration of "flats." More fortunate still, you might, a few years ago, have strayed suddenly into an unexpected county town. Westminster was once an interlude from the provinces. Fulham and Kensington each had its High Street, and kept with the old name a corporate life of its own. But to-day reverence for the past is dead. London is the paradise of the County Councillor, and if only the financiers are amiable, in fifty years there will be no ancient stone left standing on another. Not only will the houses of London disappear before the greed of the speculative builder; the streets of themselves will be lost in a straight-cut boulevard.

Speed and avarice are the enemies. The ideal city, says the County Councillor, is that which ensures the greatest rapidity of traffic. To get from one place to another as quickly as possible is, we are told, the sole purpose of modern life. For this purpose amenity and tradition must be sacrificed without delay or excuse. The tortuous streets, which seemed to begin nowhere and to go nowhither, and which in reality followed a wise law, are being swept away, that the clerk may not be interrupted on the way to his office. The ancient inns of court, with their clean, fresh lawns and shining plane-trees, which once proved London's faculty of surprise, have been torn down to make room for—what? A monstrous, void space, which is not fit to hold a music-hall. The ample thoroughfare, pierced at the expense of many memories, is still an ample thoroughfare, flanked by nothing better than a bare boarding. Our County Councillors, indeed, have made a wilderness, and no doubt they call it peace. They have also destroyed a fabric and a feeling, which can never be restored. Once London was wayward, various, fantastic. Now it is on the road to become logical, and the motor-omnibuses exult in their freedom.

What speed begins is consummated by avarice. The high houses, which Stow deplored, overlook their neighbors curiously in every quarter of the town, and they have no justification save profit. Obviously eight stories pay more rent than four. What matters it, then, that the eight shut out the light of heaven? Has not America proved that the earth pays best when the heaviest loads are laid upon it? And why should we not follow the example of America? To give one reason among many, because London is not, like New York, a southern city. It is not asked to cover the passenger

with its shade, while it conducts him to his destination. As I have said, it should be the hope of our architects not to exclude the sun, but to catch every ray that falls athwart our streets. And this hope will never be realized so long as vast masses of red brick and black mortar, faced at a brief interval by other masses of equal size and sombreness, are accepted as an adequate definition of a street.

Thus it is that London, once triumphantly inconsistent, is brought to the uniformity of a surveyor's office. Every mysterious and secret corner is uncovered. Parks are bisected to make a short cut. The loss caused by the accidental turns and twists of ancient days is estimated in miles, sovereigns, or foot-pounds. Economy is proclaimed the constant foe of character and variety. Time was when the Strand and Oxford Street had each its own aspect, its own sentiment. To-day they are so much alike that even a Cockney may be forgiven if he mistakes the one for the other. The same masses of plate-glass, the same hideous shop-windows, composed in the style once called "the new art," and now fortunately old-fashioned everywhere save in London, give the wayfarer the same displeasure as he might receive from travelling through an unbroken line of

The National Review.

railway stations. The chequered window-panes, which once gave so trim an air to our shops, survive only in half forgotten corners. There was a separate elegance, there was an air of an older world, and they have been abolished that the gaze of the idler may not be intercepted. So presently the last traces of amenity will pass from our streets. The relics of a happier time will reveal themselves only to a devout research. The London which grew by chance, and created its beauty as it went along, will be replaced by a paltry imitation of a foreign city. But even though it cherish the ambition of Paris, it will not realize it. It has lost the character which once belonged to it. It has not gained the sense of design which has embellished its neighbors. The Strand, the scene of our architects' loftiest aspiration, is but a museum of conflicting styles. Nought is left us save the atmosphere, which enwraps even the masterpieces of modern architecture in a cloak of mystery and the river, ever changing in the changing light. With these we must content ourselves, until we are crushed beneath the weight of the motor-omnibuses, stealthy and immense, for whose untrammelled progress we have sacrificed the noble city which our fathers handed down to us.

Charles Whibley.

SALLY: A STUDY.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD, C.M.G.

XII.

Saleh, bareheaded and in his evening clothes, passed out of the garden on to the road, and was presently climbing the hill upon which the Star and Garter stands. Once more the instinct of the forest-dweller had borne him in the direction of the Park, but the gates were closed, so turning to the left he skirted the high wall, following it me-

chanically, wholly unconscious of whither his steps were carrying him. His only desire was to get away—somewhere very far away from the men and women who knew him—so that he might do battle with his pain alone and unobserved. His was the dull misery—the sense that the world has come to an end—which any English lad might endure who has heard

the love of the girl he had dreamed of making his own plighted to another man; but it was also much more than this. The tremendous reaction following upon the confidence, the triumphant hope almost amounting to certainty, which had been his during the early hours of the evening, caused the blank despair by which he was now overshadowed to assume a proportionately sombre tint; but here, too, he was suffering no more than any Englishman might have suffered in the like circumstances. What differentiated his agony from that of the common run of men was the fact that, incidentally, his entire outlook upon life had been knocked out of focus. His was not merely the grief—poignant enough for the moment, but by no means necessarily eternal—of the lover who has learned that one bewitching maid is not for him. In the glare of dreadful light that had been poured upon his circumstances he saw at last that it was not only Alice Fairfax who was denied to him by Fate, but that he was doomed to lifelong separation from all desirable members of her sex and race. The morbid, the debased, the degraded—he now understood that the little Princess had been right when she had declared that these were the only Englishwomen who would stoop to mate with him; with him who had been taught to love beauty and truth and womanliness and honor! Thus his trouble was irremediable; time could not alter or soften it. It had its root in the fixed scheme of things—the sorry scheme that nothing could amend.

And as it was irremediable, so also it owed no atom of its force to any fault, any misdeed, any failing of his own. He had been born a Malay,—a "nigger," as he now bitterly called it,—and he had no choice in the matter, yet the accident of his birth was enough to rob him of all the joy of life. He

was not to blame, yet on him alone fell the heavy, heavy punishment. The immense injustice of it appalled, amazed him; his utter impotence in the face of this unalterable, this tremendous fact set him tearing at his heart, as men in dreams struggle desperately with invisible powers. Even now he could not understand the *why* of it—why a man whose training had been that of other English lads, whose views and opinions were the same as theirs, who cherished their ideals, tried his best to live up to their standards, should be banned for all his days because his skin was swarthy. The reason was hidden from him, though of the cruel, ugly truth he no longer entertained a doubt; and then, in a flash, he recalled how he had smitten the little Princess in the face. No Englishman, no matter what the provocation, would have done that, he thought; and with unwonted clearness of introspection it dawned upon him that it was not only in the color of his skin that he differed from the men around him. In that moment of mad pain, and misery, and anger, his real self had come to the surface, beneath which it had lain hidden for years, and Saleh stood astounded at what it had revealed.

It seemed to him that he had been moving through a world of dreams, of smiling unrealities, and had mistaken these mocking, delicious illusions for the truths of life. Now, in an incredibly brief space, enlightenment had been forced upon him, and for the first time he perceived something of the proportions of the facts that made his circumstances. A thousand half-forgotten memories crowded his recollection, piecing themselves together into a connected coherent whole, and the discovery was driven into his intelligence that his transformation into an Englishman had never been sufficiently complete to exclude any one but himself. He had

been "taken in" by it, but he had been alone a victim of the deception. He knew this now, knew that he had always been an alien, an outcast, an inferior, even to those who had been kindest to him, even to the Le Mesuriers, who had adopted him, loved him after a fashion. His affection for the Le Mesurier girls was that of a brother for his sisters; but he felt it in his bones now, that had that sentiment ripened into something more passionate, it would have awakened the same incredulous, almost horrified, dismay which the idea, when barely suggested to her, had aroused in Alice Fairfax.

Therefore, as Saleh plodded blindly through the growing twilight of the early morning, he was bowed down by a burden of humiliation and self-abasement till little of fight was left in him. He had not the heart, the spirit, now to dispute the facts, to arraign their justice. Only he was utterly wretched, filled with a loathing for his body because it was not like the bodies of the white folk to whom he would fain have belonged; with a hatred of the soul within him, because it too had shown itself that night to be unlike that which he had learned to think that the soul of a man should be. As he still expressed it, shackled by the limits of his vocabulary, he felt himself to be "made all wrong" within and without, and the perception that this was not his fault, that he could do nought to prevent it, only added to the bitterness of his rage and misery. Fiercely he longed for death, longed to be blotted out, to cease to be. His very existence had become to him a thing repulsive since this thorough comprehension of his inferiority had penetrated his understanding, and the feeling brought with it a mad fury against humanity at large. Suicide never presented itself to his imagination as a possibility: his Malayan instinct did him so much service. But he was pos-

sessed by a craving to hurt others, to make them feel pain, to force them to share in some kind the agony that preyed upon his heart. The impulse of the *amok*-runner was gripping him, and though he barely realized what it was with which he was contending, he strove with it, summoning to his aid all the mastery of self which his five years spent in an English household had instilled into him. And all the while, underlying, interwoven with his other tempestuous thought, the memory of Alice Fairfax haunted him, the memory of his love for her, of her sweetness and kindness to him, of the soft happy sigh which he had overheard, of her joy in the love of another man; and then he would fall to smiting himself cruelly upon the breast, as though he sought to stun by blows the passionate demons of envy and grief that were gnawing at his vitals.

The summer sun was shining brightly as he came at last along Roehampton Lane, and so out upon the Portsmouth Road, which leads across Putney Heath. The road was empty save for half-a-dozen bicyclists, in flannels and sweaters, with bath-towels round their necks, pedalling gaily riverwards for an early morning dip. These wayfarers looked at Saleh with amused surprise, and he glared back at them in hatred, through heavy bloodshot eyes. Why should they sneer at his misery? Many of them plainly were not even gentlemen, he thought, and he—he was the son of a king! Yes, but they were *white* and in so much they towered above him in unapproachable superiority. There were white women of their own class, women who doubtless represented to them the height of their desires, who would love them, cherish them, and see nothing degrading, no covert insult, in the devotion which these men could offer. "Women of their own class!" Yes, that was it.

There did not exist in all the world any women of *his* class, Saleh felt. He had learned that night that he was not, could never be, a white man; but he knew no less surely that only an educated Englishwoman could satisfy his ideals, could give him the companionship, the kind of love, for which he hungered. With a wonderful distinctness the life lived in his father's Court was suddenly pictured for him by memory. He recalled the crowds of empty, vapid, giggling women among whom his early years had been spent—women whose very conception of love was only as a debased and debasing passion; women who had no minds, no ideas, no ambitions even, save the gratification of their cupidity and their vanity; women whose only conversation was a sort of reckless banter, whose only joys were the satisfaction of coarse appetites; women who sank uncomplainingly into mere slovenly drudges when their short-lived youth and beauty were ended. The thought of them set him shuddering, as in merciless contrast there floated before his mind's eye those other women of whom Alice Fairfax was for him the type.

Presently he found himself at the bottom of Putney Hill, with the wood pavements of London beneath his feet. The passers-by were staring at his bare head, his disordered evening-dress, his dark face. A knot of gutter children jeered him, and he turned upon them a face so savage that they fled in terror. Then suddenly realizing the strangeness of his position, of the appearance which he must be presenting, he hailed a four-wheeler from the stand near the bridge, and bade the driver take him to Jack Norris's address in York Street, St. James's. He knew few people in London; he could not bring himself to go back to the *Le Mesuriers* in his present circumstances and in a condition of such woful disac-

ray. Jack, he knew, would give him shelter, and also, it seemed to him, this white man, who knew and loved the Malayan land, would understand better than his fellows. Therefore he drove to York Street through the slowly waking town, hiding himself from curious eyes as best he might in the depths of the four-wheeler, and feeling jarred by the incongruity of this prosaic vehicle and by the self-absorbed indifference of London to the tremendous tragedy of which he knew himself to be the victim.

XIII.

Jack Norris, colonial civil servant, carried with him when on leave many of the barbarous habits bred by long exile, wherewith to outrage the eternal fitness of the civilization encompassing him. Thus he was an incurably early riser, a persistent devourer of "early morning breakfast," a thrall of the insidious, poisonous, depraved, and wholly delightful early-morning cigarette. It was his custom to enjoy these luxuries lounging in a huge chair, with his legs thrown over one of the arms, with all that he required set within easy reach of his hand, and a book resting on his knee, its page partly obscured by the clouds of tobacco-smoke. Also, during this hour of peace and quiet, ere the strenuous whirlpool of the day had sucked him into its vortex, he was accustomed to let the oriental half of him—the half that had been absorbed little by little from his Malayan environment—assert itself. He thrust his bare feet into sandals, hampered his body by no garments save a loose silk jacket open at the neck, and a wide native waist-skirt, knotted about his middle and falling to his ankles, like a plaid petticoat of innumerable colors. It was a relief to be free for a little space from the grip of the high collar and starched shirt,—the rigid strait-waistcoat of civilization,—and with his body thus released from con-

ventional restraints it was easy for his mind to take on something of the peaceful indolence of the Oriental. By nature alive with energy, quick with force, and with vitality, he was able, while the day was yet young and quiet, to look out upon life with the lazy philosophy of the brown man; to regard for the moment toil and effort of any kind as a blameworthy and inexplicable madness; to dream dreams; to dwell upon the past, upon things done, without troubling himself about plans for the future, difficulties that still waited to be overcome, and all "the damned horrid grind" of active life.

He was sitting thus, smoking, sipping his tea, dreaming, and making pretence to read, when Saleh suddenly threw open the door and entered the room. The boy was draggled and woe-begone. His dress-shirt was soiled and crumpled; his tie was out of place; his clothes were powdered with the dust of the roads; his pumps were trodden down at heel. His face, too, was drawn and gaunt, robbed for the time of its air of excessive youthfulness; his cheeks were hollow; and the color of his skin had that gray tinge that belongs to the faces of brown men who are the prey of violent emotion. His eyes, deeply sunken by fatigue and want of sleep, were bloodshot. They glared with a sort of savage pain, and the dark bruise-like smudges below them gave to them an unnatural brightness. His hair was disordered; his forehead knit into hard lines; his gums, drawn back a little, disclosed the even rows of his set teeth. Jack noticed, too, that the hands hanging by his sides were tightly clenched.

Saleh stood within the closed door, swaying a little from side to side, looking at Jack in silence; and for an instant the white man gazed at him in astonishment. Then he leaped to his feet.

"What hath befallen thee?" he asked, speaking in the vernacular.

The question was asked mechanically; but no answer came to it beyond a sort of choking cry, such as might have escaped from an animal in pain, and Norris, taking Saleh by the hand, half led him, half pushed him into a chair. He poured out a cup of tea and made the lad drink it. Then he seated himself on the arm of the chair and patted his visitor on the shoulder, soothingly, without saying a word, as a man might caress a frightened child.

Saleh remained silent, as though sunken deep in a dreary torpor, shivering a little now and again as with an ague, his quivering body held with a certain rigidity, his heavy eyes fixed upon vacancy. The silence of the room was broken only by Saleh's labored breathing and by the ticking of a clock upon the mantelpiece. Had his visitor been a European, curiosity might have impelled Jack to cross question him, to try to discover the lie of the land, that he might the better be able to comfort him; but Saleh was a Malay, wherefore his white friend said no word, and waited with the exhaustless patience born of long habit. He felt the youngster's shoulder thrilling under his touch; with the corner of his eye he noted the twitching features, the clenched hands, the taut muscles; and the memory came back to him of a night long ago in the capital of Pelesu, when he had spent some anxious hours at the elbow of a Malay friend, with difficulty combating the devil which impelled him to run *amok* since grief for a father's death was overpowering him. He remembered the hushed, breathless whisper with which the Malay had said to him.

"Don't speak to me! . . . Don't let any one speak to me! . . . I . . . I . . . I . . . If any one speaks to me, I shall . . . I shall . . . I shall . . . I shall do

them an injury! . . . Keep close, Tñan, keep close! . . . Let me feel thy hand gripping me! . . . Let me know that thou wilt not let go! . . . Keep very close!"

It had been an anxious time, a nightmare whose reality was horrible, for the credit of the British Agency had depended upon Jack's ability to subdue the possessing demon; and when the dawn had come, and the Malay had sunk at last into a restless moaning sleep, Norris had risen up feeling aged and shattered, and knowing that he, if ever a man had done so, had wrestled that night with devils.

It seemed to him that Saleh was now the victim of a similar nervous obsession; that he too was on the brink, tottering on the brink, of that gulf into which from time to time a Malay, driven beyond the bounds of human endurance, plunges, seeking death amid the slaughter of his fellows. The incongruity of the idea struck him as wonderful—the incongruity of this savage instinct and the little English-nurtured boy whom he had known, the incongruity of such elemental passions and the staid ponderous life, the orderliness of London! Yet for all that he saw no reason to question the accuracy of his diagnosis: the shoulder that quivered under his hand, that nervous working face, spoke to him more forcibly than words; only there was a certain pathos in the situation, here in this weaponless land, amid the organized systems that impose so crushing a restraint upon individual action. In the capital of Pelesu the thing had been very real, thoroughly in its place in the picture, inevitable, a natural circumstance. In the little sitting-room

in York Street he felt it to be grotesque, farcical, a piece of pure burlesque. Yet to Saleh, of course, let the cause of his emotions be what they might, the thing was real, Jack was sure, and the lad differed from that other Malay only because he was making a more gallant effort to restrain himself. But for him, too, the presence of the white man who *understood*, who needed no word of explanation, was a very tower of strength. Jack's proximity, the sense of calm force and determination exhaled from him, were tonics that helped the sufferer to fight the rending struggle that was going on within him; wherefore, gradually, Saleh relaxed the rigidity of his limbs, and his stare lost something of its fixed intensity.

Jack was quick to note the change; and as soon as he had satisfied himself that it was safe to quit Saleh's side for an instant, he went into his bedroom, and presently returned with a dose of bromide in a tumbler. This, not without difficulty, he forced Saleh to swallow, and in a little while the soothing properties of the drug began to take effect upon his exhausted frame. He sank back into the cushions of the chair, his limbs hanging limp and loosened, the fire dying out of his hollow eyes.

"I have spent the night among the fires of the Terrible Place!" he said drowsily, dropping into the vernacular, which had so long been unfamiliar to his tongue; and with that explanation Jack Norris had to content himself, for nothing more fell from his guest before sleep came upon him, and he lay, moaning a little, tucked into Jack's bed.

Blackwood's Magazine.

(To be concluded.)

SIXTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS.

SOME PASSAGES BY THE WAY.

XXII.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

The popular idea of Mr. Chamberlain, founded exclusively on observation of his public career, is that he is a man of hard nature, implacable of purpose, remorseless in rolling over any who get in his way. Within limits this appreciation is defensible. In public life, striving for what he believes to be the welfare of the Empire, he is undoubtedly disposed to march straight forward regardless of personalities, even though they be old familiar friends.

There is another side of his character, out of range of the public eye. In the private relations of life, the inflexible political fighter is the most lovable, most loved of men. A brilliant conversationalist, endowed with a keen sense of humor, he is the life and soul of the company in which he chances to find himself. The loyalty he creates in the minds of those nearest to him is happily indicated in the subjoined letter from his son Austen, addressed to me under date December 2, 1901:

I admit I have sometimes thought on reading your lines hot (or should I say "wet") from the press that you lent some countenance to the stories that my father was actuated by personal ambitions or personal antipathies of a mean and petty nature which I *know* have never entered his head. I am glad to think that I may have been wrong, and that reading again what you had written I might find after the lapse of a little time that I was hypersensitive or that I altogether misunderstood you.

You must remember that you write in many places—sometimes as a frank

advocate of one side in a party, but sometimes also as an impartial observer in non-party journals. In the former character we expect you to fight for your side. In the latter we ask of you that very hard thing—the impartiality of a historian in telling of events and scenes all the excitement of which you have shared almost at the moment at which you are writing. It is, therefore, a high standard by which I have criticised.

My father may be right or wrong, but I think those who have known him as you have done will never deny his intense seriousness, or his utter disregard of his own personal convenience or advantage when thinking of what he owes to his colleagues or his country.

If he had been less loyal to colleagues with whose views and policy he was not always in sympathy in 1880-5, his critics of to-day would find fewer quotations from his old speeches to hurl at him.

The suggestion underlying this letter—that in publicly discussing Mr. Chamberlain's action I have been animated by feelings of personal animosity—arises solely from the jealousy of extreme filial affection. My acquaintance with him goes back over thirty-four years, and I have never varied from the attitude of personal esteem and admiration for unrivalled intellectual power. It is true my references to him in his public capacity have been free from taint of obsequiousness. But Mr. Chamberlain himself is a hard hitter, and knows that when a man plays at bowls he must expect rubbers.

A redoubtable foe, he is a friend whose loyalty knows no bounds. I find in my diary an entry, dated April 29, 1900, which supplies two instances, widely varying in scope, of this trait

in his character. I transcribe it as it was written:

Met Chamberlain last night at Robson Rose's. Sat next to him at dinner. He talked to me the whole of the time with marvellous frankness. Told me he had that morning been reading a magazine article of mine, simultaneously published in New York and London, discussing his chances of succession to the Premiership. He is very impatient of frank criticism. Evidently did not like the article, but the only complaint he made was of what he called "a sneer" at Jesse Collings and Powell Williams as members of the Ministry. He defended them loyally, insisting that P. W. had done great service at the War Office, saving the country thousands of pounds, "for which," he bitterly added, "they" (meaning the War Office people) "are now shunting him."

Of the theme of the article he spoke freely.

"If," he said, "you want to know the truth about the matter I will tell you. Never at any time in any circumstances do I intend to be Prime Minister of the Unionist party. I am ready to serve under Arthur Balfour or any one else who may be preferred to the post. I confess it was different when I was on the other side. Fifteen years ago I was certainly resolved to be Prime Minister in the Liberal succession. If I had been, you would have seen established that condition of Liberal Imperialism of which Rosebery and others futilely talk to-day."

He warmly defended himself against the accusation of being a recent convert to Imperialism.

"Why," he said, "when I was in the Cabinet of 1880, I was then, more especially in respect to Egypt, accused by my colleagues of being a Jingo. In respect of England's Imperial position I have never been anything but what I am to-day."

Some time later he told me a curious story, vindicating his consistency in the matter of Imperialism. In 1857, John Bright, unseated at Manchester,

offered himself for election at Birmingham. Mr. Chamberlain, then in his twenty-first year, was already taking an active part in politics. The great Free Trader, the ultra-Radical, was in every respect save one his ideal of a party leader. But he had voted against Lord Palmerston on the question of the Chinese War. Mr. Chamberlain was enthusiastically in favor of the attitude assumed by Palmerston at that crisis, and did his best to keep Bright out of Birmingham.

In due course his fealty to Mr. Arthur Balfour was triumphantly demonstrated. When on the death of the Marquis of Salisbury a meeting of the Unionist party was summoned for the election of a successor, Mr. Chamberlain happened to be confined to his room by illness. It was unworthily said by partisan commentators that advantage was taken of his being *hors de combat* to rush the matter through. The conversation quoted, taking place two years earlier, testified to the sincerity of the letter written by Mr. Chamberlain from his sick-room, in which he heartily applauded the nomination of Mr. Balfour.

On the day after the Rose dinner I wrote to him with reference to his remarks about a disposition on my part to chaff (I am sure not unkindly) his two old Birmingham friends. He replied:

40 Prince's Gardens, S.W.:

April 30, 1900.

My Dear Lucy.—Many thanks for your note, which is—and this is the highest praise I can give to it—what I expected from your love of justice and fair play.

I am very glad that I had the opportunity of a talk with you, and I am sure that you will not regret in the future avoiding a topic which to my knowledge—although no doubt unintentionally as far as you are concerned—has given pain to very worthy men.

I have written for a copy of the new

University scheme, which I shall be glad to send you and which I think will interest you. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

J. Chamberlain.

Before Mr. Chamberlain married the lady whose sunny influence has lightened the deep shadow that swooped down upon him at a time when he seemed to be still in the prime of physical and intellectual power, Mr. Jesse Collings was a constant companion on his Continental trips. A pretty story had vogue about a passage from Gibraltar to Tangier. There being no regular steamer available, the two Easter-tide tourists engaged a passage in a sloop about to cross over. Here, again, a difficulty presented itself. There was only one sleeping cabin available, and that was the captain's. For a consideration he was ready to lease his holding; but the bunk would hold only one sleeper. In this dilemma he approached Mr. Chamberlain with the remark:

"It's all right, young man. I'll make your father up comfortable in my bunk, and you shall lie on the floor."

Towards the close of the Session of 1901, Lord Salisbury's Government brought in a Bill authorizing alteration of the Royal title. It was proposed to hail his Majesty "Edward the Seventh, by the Grace of God of Great Britain and Ireland and of all the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India." General objection was taken to the clumsiness of this designation. In debate in the House of Lords, the Earl of Rosebery proposed to substitute the phrase "King of Britains beyond the Sea."

In the "Diary of Toby, M.P.," published in "Punch," citation was made of a passage from the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," which relates how on the eve of the battle that delivered Wessex from the dominion of the Dane, St.

Cuthbert visited King Alfred in his sleep and hailed him "King of all Britain."

"What better, more precise, equally comprehensive title," Toby, M.P. asked, "could be adopted by the twentieth-century King descended in unbroken line from Alfred? The title would run, 'Edward the Seventh, by the Grace of God King of All Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.'"

His Majesty, at the time on a visit to Homburg, graciously took note of the suggestion. To Mr. Chamberlain, in charge of the Bill in the Commons, I suggested that at least the redundant "of all" before "the British Dominions" might be deleted. He replied:

40 Prince's Gardens, S.W.:

Aug. 6, 1901.

Dear Mr. Lucy.—If business in the House of Commons were conducted on the old lines I should like to take advantage of some of the suggestions made with regard to the King's title, and thereby get rid of the unnecessary words "of all" objected to by you. But just now, with the Irish inclined to make a Donnybrook Fair of everything, it seems unwise to agree to any alteration. Lord Rosebery's certainly would not please such colonies as Canada and Mauritius, nor would the Dutch like it in South Africa. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

J. Chamberlain.

Mr. Chamberlain's instinct for controlling electoral campaigns, his sure divination of the result of a pending conflict, were demonstrated during his connection with the Birmingham caucus and after. It was no secret that he was in favor of appealing to the country immediately upon the conclusion of the South African War. Talking with me on the subject at the end of the Sessions of 1902, he, having thoroughly gone into the matter, expressed the confident opinion that as a result of

a General Election taken at that time, the Unionist party would be reinstated with a majority at least equal to that secured in the autumn of 1900.

Mr. Balfour lingered on for three years, when the Liberals came into power with one of the biggest majorities recorded in history.

Having completed the "Diary of the Unionist Parliament" it occurred to me that in a series of dedications of successive volumes inscribed in turn to Lord Rosebery, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Balfour, it was appropriate that Mr. Chamberlain's name should be associated with this particular record. In reply to a request for permission, he wrote:

Highbury, Moor Green, Birmingham:

Dec. 19, 1900.

Dear Mr. Lucy,—I have made a rule to decline all dedications; but every rule must have an exception, and I think our long acquaintance justifies one in your case. Therefore if you desire it I shall accept the compliment with pleasure.

My wife and I thank you for your good wishes, which we heartily reciprocate.

Yours very truly,

J. Chamberlain.

The volume accordingly bears the legend, "To the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., who made possible the Unionist Parliament 1895-1900, this record of some phases of its history is inscribed."

It was at the time little known, and is now perhaps forgotten, that twelve years before Mr. Chamberlain, accompanied by the hearty good wishes of the nation, set forth in the cruiser "Good Hope" on the mission of tranquillizing South Africa at the close of the Boer War, he very nearly started on the same voyage under quite different auspices. In the spring of 1889 a vacancy occurred in the Governorship of the Cape. Mr. Chamberlain, at that

time acting in concert with Lord Hartington and Sir Henry James, whilst an uncompromising supporter of the Government, held no office. It occurred to Lord Salisbury that, possibly for more reasons than appeared on the face of the suggestion, he would be the very man for the colony. It would not be accurate to say that the Governorship was actually offered and declined. Certainly Mr. Chamberlain was made aware that the opportunity of undertaking the government of Cape Colony was at his disposal.

Having always taken keen interest in the development of South Africa, he was, I believe, not indisposed to accept the position. But the prospect of temporary banishment from London at a critical stage of political history was not alluring, and the project was nipped in the bud.

It is interesting to speculate on what might have happened had he taken up his residence for five years at Cape Town within measurable distance of Paul Kruger. It is not improbable that necessity for the war would never have arisen, or that if the hand of the British Government had been forced, they would not have entered on the conflict in the blindfolded, unprepared condition that courted, and for the opening year of the campaign realized, disaster.

The reference to Mr. Gladstone, taken in conjunction with the date, lends peculiar interest to the subjoined letter.

40 Prince's Gardens, S. W.:

March 16, 1887.

Dear Mr. Lucy,—Many thanks for your letter and its enclosures. I could send you scores written from the opposite standpoint. I received five by the post this morning, all enthusiastic about my speech and promising support to the three-cornered plan. Believe me this plan will be deadly if we are forced to try it. The last time it was employed was just before the collapse of

the Gladstone Administration in connection with its education policy. The National Education League ran five candidates in five successive bye-elections. I hope, however, that we may yet avoid extremities.

I dined last night with Mr. Gladstone at Sir Charles Forster's, and found him most pleasant. I cannot believe that he is averse to an honorable settlement.

Yours truly,

J. Chamberlain.

The almost eager grasping at a settlement, the pleased reference to Mr. Gladstone's bearing towards him, go to confirm a conviction I have from the first held as to the genesis of the step which transfigured Mr. Chamberlain's political character. I believe that, keen as was his look ahead, when he in company with Mr. George Trevelyan quitted Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet in 1886, he never dreamt whither the step would lead him. He drifted into the position which in course of time led him to serve in a Cabinet that had Lord Salisbury for its head, Mr. Arthur Balfour for its right hand.

In Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone" there is a reference to the Cabinet meeting held on March 26, 1886, the last at which Mr. Chamberlain sat in company with his old chief. Between its lines keen light shines on the relationship between the two dominant members.

"Some supposed then," Lord Morley writes, "and Mr. Chamberlain has said since, that when he entered the Cabinet room on this memorable occasion he intended to be conciliatory. Witnesses of the scene thought that the Prime Minister made little attempt in that direction."

If it were possible to conceive Mr. Disraeli in charge of the Home Rule Bill of 1886—and nothing was impossible to the Tory leader who grafted household suffrage on a Reform Bill—it would be certain that Mr. Chamber-

lain would never have left his old party. For the management of delicate affairs a man of supreme tact is better than a transcendent genius who, with his head in the lofty companionship of the clouds, is apt to stumble over a not insuperable obstacle at his feet.

XXIII.

HENRY IRVING.

On the eve of Henry Irving's departure on his last visit to the United States I met him at a little farewell dinner given at the Reform Club. Hearing my wife and I would be in the United States whilst he was there, he engaged us to pay a visit to his theatre and sup with him after. I thought no more about the engagement; Irving's memory was faithful. Arriving in New York on a Saturday morning, we went off to spend a quiet time at the country house of a friend. On the Tuesday the following telegram arrived from Henry Irving, at the time playing in New York:

Tracked down at last. Love to both. Hope you are coming to play to-night. Have reserved box for you and friends. Supper at Delmonico's.

H. I., Broadway Theatre.

We named for visiting the theatre a night that chanced to be one on which he was engaged for supper. His hospitable intent was not to be baffled by circumstance. He commissioned his friend and lieutenant, Bram Stoker, to play the host, and after the theatre closed we had a merry supper at Delmonico's. He was playing Dante, one of the unfortunate accidents that seemed to accumulate towards the close of a long run of well-earned good fortune.

With a pretty wide range of acquaintance, I count Henry Irving among half a dozen of the most delightful men I have known. With a charming presence, a courtly manner, he was

principally in his generosity. The only value money had for him was that it enabled him to give pleasure and benefit to others. A member of the Lyceum staff told me that, having an introduction to Irving, he approached him with most modest expectation in the way of salary. For the sake of securing so advantageous an opening he would gladly have commenced on nothing a week. Irving, after some chat, offered him an engagement with a salary three times as much as the one he was earning.

At one of the little suppers he delighted to give in his room in the old Beefsteak Club, at the back of the Lyceum stage. I one night noticed a beautiful chair set at the table.

"Do you really admire it?" he asked.

"Certainly. It is a genuine Chippendale."

"Take it with you," he quickly replied; and when I left by the stage-door I had the greatest difficulty in preventing him sending the chair down to be placed on the top of my hansom.

He was effusively grateful for any little gift or favor. For New Year's Day, 1899, I sent him a copy of Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare," just published. He replied from Bournemouth on January 2, 1899:

My Dear Lucy,—My kindest greeting to you and Mrs. Lucy, and all gladness and happiness to you in the coming on of time.

It was more than kind of you to send me that book of Sidney Lee's, the only one that has done any justice to Shakespeare, the player as well as playwright.

Shakespeare, wise man, was never manager of a theatre. He was an actor who took a share. When Shakespeare's Company is spoken of, it should mean the company to which the poet belonged.

Thank you for all your kind wishes. I only need a little rest and a little sunshine to be quite well again. I find this doing nothing very hard. You

know, nobody better—isn't it the hardest work of all?

Yours sincerely,

Henry Irving.

There is something pathetic in the cry for "a little rest and a little sunshine."

The last time we saw him on the stage he played *Louis XI.* to a crowded and enthusiastic audience. It was his farewell to the London stage, and we were present in response to the following letter:

July 8, 1903.

Dear Mrs. Lucy,—Thank you for your very kind invitation, which it would be a delight to accept, were it possible. But I shall be "tied to the stake" till the 18th and cannot fly.

Were you in London I should ask you to grace our last night—the 18th—with your presence. I am,

Sincerely yours,

Henry Irving.

When the curtain fell on the last scene the cheering lasted several minutes. Again and again the curtain rose, and Irving bowed his thanks. Moved by unconscious premonition that some of them would see his face no more, the throng before the curtain would not let him go.

The last of many times he lent to our table at Ashley Gardens the graciousness of his presence was at a little luncheon given by way of farewell to Mr. Choate, who, retiring from the post of American Minister, was returning home. Irving was playing somewhere in the Midlands. But a journey to town and back in time for the play did not baulk his desire to be present. He was evidently in ill-health and, when he arrived, in low spirits. Finding himself in cheerful company he speedily brightened up, and we saw again the smile of rare beauty that illuminated his face as he talked or listened.

Ellen Terry dined with us just be-

fore she paid her last visit to the United States which proved the truth of the saying, "Journeys end in lovers meeting." Among the company was Mr. Arthur Balfour. He came on from the House of Commons, where he was engaged in debate on an important Ministerial measure. Like Mr. Gladstone, he possesses the gift of swiftly throwing off in congenial company all sense of care and official responsibility.

Ellen Terry sat strangely silent through the brilliant conversation. I fancied, being out of her ordinary line, it might bore her. Mr. Balfour leaving early to resume his duties at the House of Commons, she broke silence with a remark that showed I was mistaken. Bringing her closed hand with a thump on the table, she exclaimed, with a glance towards the door through which he had passed, "I think that man's a duck."

She told me later, with perhaps kindly exaggeration, that she had never enjoyed a dinner party more.

When Irving consented to sit for his portrait for my little collection, he stipulated that his dog should be with him. He is accordingly painted with Fussie on his knee. Fussie was a present to Ellen Terry from the jockey Fred Archer. Irving appropriated him, and the two were inseparable. The dog was a familiar figure at the supper parties on the stage at the Lyceum that wound up first nights of memorable plays. Taking it for granted that as they were there when he came in from the dressing-room with his master, they were desirable people, Fussie was sufficiently amiable as he trotted about among the crowd. But he could put on other manners. When Irving was lying ill in Grafton Street, I called to see him. Fussie would not allow me to approach the bed. His master was sick, apparently helpless. I might be intent on taking

advantage of his weakness to do him an injury. Anyhow, Fussie, thinking it well to be on the safe side, snarled ominously when I approached the bed.

On one occasion when Irving and his company were going on a tour in the United States, Fussie was, as a matter of course, included in the troupe. He got out of the train at the town station at Southampton, and when the company arrived at the wharf he was nowhere to be seen. As the boat was about to start, nothing could be done in the way of looking him up. So Irving set out on his voyage disconsolate. Six weeks later, Fussie, footsore, travel-stained, but capable of wagging his tail, trotted in at the stage-door of the Lyceum Theatre in Wellington Street, Strand. How he found his way is a mystery he was never able to explain. Of course the road was absolutely unfamiliar to him.

Fussie came to an end at Manchester under tragic circumstances. A workman taking off his coat threw it down, partly hiding an open trap. He had brought some bread and meat for his supper. Fussie, scenting this, began foraging, fell through the trap-door, and was killed instantly. The news was kept from Irving till the play was over. He said little, but took the body home to his hotel in his cab. Ellen Terry and his son Lawrence, arriving later, found him eating his supper with Fussie curled up in his familiar rug on the sofa. Irving was talking to the dog as if he were still alive. He carried him back to London in the train next day and buried him in the dogs' cemetery in Hyde Park.

Irving used to tell with dramatic effect a story about W. G. Wills, the dramatist, who, among other services, wrote for him the play "Charles I." When Wills was a boy ten years old, he was taken to see Edmund Kean play Macbeth. In the murder scene he was so affected by the realistic power

of the actor that, seized with a severe attack of nausea, he hurried from the box.

Ten years later, he was lunching at a chop-house in Fleet Street when a man entered, sat down at a table near him and ordered a meal. He was a perfect stranger to Wills, who after a few minutes' propinquity was again seized with a fit of nausea, from which he had not suffered since as a boy he was at the theatre on the occasion mentioned. He was obliged to leave the room. When some minutes later he paid his bill, the waiter said to him: "Did you see that gentleman at the table near you? That's Edmund Kean."

XXIV.

CECIL RHODES BEFORE THE RAID.

I came in close contact with Cecil Rhodes in 1894. It was the year before the Jameson Raid "upset his apple-cart," and had much to do with the outbreak of racial feeling between Boers and British that resulted in a terrible war. At the time of our stay at Cape Town, the relations between Oom Paul, President of the Transvaal Republic, and the British Governor (Sir Henry Loch), though not openly ruptured, were decidedly strained.

On arrival at Cape Town early on a Sunday morning which the almanac marked as one of the last days in December, but which was sultrier than our hottest summer, we were met by an *alde-de-camp* from Government House inviting us to lunch with Sir Henry and Lady Loch at their cottage residence some eight or ten miles out of Cape Town. At table we happened to sit on either side of Cecil Rhodes, a happy accident as it turned out. I had met him in London during his flying visit of the previous year. As we sat together and talked, the acquaintance warmed to a measure of friendship that induced him to ask us to make Groot Schur our home during our stay

at the Cape. This was doubly welcome since, in addition to the pleasure of his dally company, it meant deliverance from the miseries of what was recommended to us as the best hotel in Cape Town. It certainly must have been the dirtiest and, according to our brief experience, the most evilly served in the matter of food and cooking.

Next morning we shifted our quarters to Cecil Rhodes's quaint old house, built on a slope of Table Mountain. On one flank of it bloomed an acre of blue hydrangea, his favorite flower. He gave us a spacious bedroom, decorated with, among other pieces of furniture, an old Dutch wardrobe, whose silver hinges gained fresh brilliancy from the century-old dark wood they clasped. Rhodes had, somehow, gained the reputation of being a woman-hater. Certainly, with the possible exception of his sister, Mrs. Lucy was the first lady who had been a guest at Groot Schur. He engaged the gardener's wife to act as maid, withdrawing himself to sleep in a bachelor's quarter built at the end of the garden. Hearing that Horace Plunkett (now Sir Horace, first Vice-President of the Irish Board of Agriculture) had been our table companion on the voyage out, he sent him a pressing invitation to put up at Groot Schur, a proposal cheerfully accepted by a man who, doubling our experience had spent two nights in "the best hotel" in Cape Town.

Rhodes was at the time partly rebuilding his house, which, as its name implies, was originally a granary. Nearly every week a bale of carpets or a case of furniture arrived from London. These were commonplace by comparison with a little bowl in the study which contained a couple of handfuls of small pieces of gold, dug up on the site of an ancient temple far away up country. It was, Rhodes believed, part of the gold of Ophir, current in the days of Solomon.

A couple of years later, when the alterations were completed and the new furniture installed, a fire broke out at Groot Schur, partly destroying the place. It was rebuilt, and, by the owner's will, bequeathed as a residence for the Cape Premier, the spacious grounds being turned into a public park, enclosing a zoological garden. As for the simple-mannered, big-hearted, clear-headed history-maker who once lived there, he sleeps in the solitude of the Matoppos Mountains.

With respect to this choice of burial-place, Mr. George Wyndham told me an interesting story. He also in later time was a guest at Groot Schur. Accompanying his host on an expedition up country, they halted for a while on the crest of the mighty Matoppos which dominates a hundred miles of veldt. One morning, Rhodes, who had shown himself at breakfast in a mood of solemn thought, went out and lay down full length near the edge of the hill, gazing on the scene below. He remained there half an hour, and came back in brighter spirits. From a chance remark he dropped, Mr. Wyndham believes that it was in this reverie he conceived the idea of having his grave dug amid the silence and solitude of the mountain top.

We had a cheerful little dinner party every night whilst our host remained at Cape Town. Amongst the guests were Dr. Jameson, Mr. Selous, and another mighty hunter, just down from the North. On the first night at dinner, I observed his extreme embarrassment and discomfort. I attributed it to weariness after a long journey. In the confidence of the verandah and under the cheering influence of a cigar, he confided to me that it was the stiff shirt-collar imposed upon him by civilization as part of his dinner dress that wrought him anguish. He had not worn such a thing for months.

We generally sat on the verandah af-

ter dinner till midnight struck. Rhodes, in ordinary company a stubbornly reticent man, the despair of London hosts and hostesses, expanded under the mellowing influence of the cool air, the starlit, almost blue sky of a South African night. It was the height of the prosperity of South Africa, prices of mines and of land booming in all directions. When I came home, friends, hearing I had been the guest of Cecil Rhodes for three weeks, surmised that I must have been "put in for some good things." With the exception of the gold of Ophir, not to-day a marketable commodity, Rhodes in his conversations with me never alluded to gold-mines or diamond industries. What he talked about on the verandah were books new and old, more especially anything that had reference to the history of Rome before the last of the Imperial Cæsars was dead and turned to clay. He had in his pay in Rome an expert daily employed in copying out stored manuscript records of the history of Imperial Rome.

Nor did we talk about politics, home or South African. Only once, I remember, when he was poring over a big map of Africa, he put his finger on Calro, and drawing it slowly down the length of the parchment till it rested on Cape Town, said, "I want to see the map painted red from there to there."

With the creation of Rhodesia, a considerable measure of his heart's desire was fulfilled before he was carried up to rest on the mountain top.

Rhodes was a faithful friend to men of all degree to whom he became attached. His butler, an excellent servant, came from the English village in which was Rhodes' father's parish church. He was inclined to be consumptive, and Rhodes took him out to South Africa in the belief that the climate, if it did not effect a complete cure, would check the disease. One morning, entering my host's study, I

found him in a state of unusual depression. I thought something had gone wrong with De Beers, or with political affairs at Cape Town. There were tears in his eyes when he told me how, after a long spell of good health, the butler had that morning been suddenly attacked with hæmorrhage.

There was only one thing to be done. He must be sent off up country to take a month's rest in the exhilarating air of the veldt. As, in addition to acting as valet, he was in charge of the whole domestic arrangements of the house, this meant serious personal discomfort to the master. Rhodes did not give that part of the business a thought, but packed the man off within a few hours.

After leaving the Cape, I saw Rhodes only twice. Once was in the following year, when he visited London. We invited him to dinner. He said he would come on two conditions—that he might bring Dr. Jameson and that there should be no other guests. So we sat four at table, and Rhodes was as talkative as was his wont on the verandah at Groot Schur.

The last time I saw him he was sitting in the witnesses' chair in the room of the South African Commission. Before him were grouped a dozen of the ablest men in England, some eager to probe the mystery that brooded over the Jameson Raid. Others, and these the more embarrassing, were concerned for the preservation of diplomatic reticence. On a table set at the witness's right elbow was a plate of sandwiches and a tankard of London stout. Cecil Rhodes munched his sandwiches, from time to time thoughtfully raised the tankard to his lips, and did not in any possibly inconvenient particular add to the information of the Commissioners.

XXV.

LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

Journeying across the United States in the early 'eighties, on the way to
LIVING AGE. VOL. XLII. 2191

Japan, at a roadway station half-way between Denver and Colorado Springs, the train was boarded by a comfortably stout gentleman in a serge suit, with a knitted woolen vest and a low-crowned felt hat. He might have passed without notice but for the circumstance that he carried a red brief-bag, unmistakably the property of an English Q. C. This item in the midst of rolling prairies concentrated attention. Looking more closely, I recognized in the sun-browned stranger Charles Russell, who, clutching his red bag, made his way along the crowded car as if he were pushing through a blocked passage in the Law Courts.

I had casual acquaintance with him in the Lobby of the House of Commons. This chance meeting was the beginning of an intimate friendship that grew in warmth to the end. We stayed at Colorado Springs, and in the afternoon had a pleasant drive to Manitou and the Garden of the Gods. Russell, then plain Mr., leader of his circuit, was one of the quickest-tempered, warmest-hearted of Irishmen. He learned a lesson at Manitou, where stood a little hotel with a spacious verandah looked down upon by the majesty of Pike's Peak. There were many guests, few waiters, and, as Russell meant to catch the evening train going east, our time was limited. After impatiently suffering delay extending over a quarter of an hour, Russell began rapping the table with a knife and clinking the glasses.

"Come, come," he said sharply to the waiter when that dignitary sauntered up, "hurry along with luncheon."

"Wal, sir," said the waiter, eyeing him unconcernedly, "if the place don't suit you, you can go on to the next."

As the nearest was Colorado Springs, whence we had driven, Russell, taking in the situation at a glance, subsided. When presently the waiter lounged up with the meal, he began to chat with

him, and by his affability and humor won him over in a few minutes.

Many years later, when Russell was Attorney-General, I witnessed another sudden and complete checking of a hasty temper. We were walking in the neighborhood of Tadworth Court, his house by Epsom Downs. A scorcher passing on a bicycle nearly ran over us.

"Be careful," said Russell, angrily.

The man slowed up and, turning round, poured forth a torrent of horrible abuse. Russell made no reply. He stood quietly watching the man, as if to impress his face and figure on his memory. It occurred to me at the moment that if, as was by no means improbable, the fellow, being in the dock or the witness-box, some day came into the hands of the Attorney-General, public and professional duty would receive an impetus.

Russell was hugely delighted with a remark by his newly-made friend the Manitou waiter.

"This seems a very healthy town," he remarked, determined to be pleasant.

"I guess it's pretty wal," replied the waiter with profound gravity. "When we built a schoolhouse nothing would do for some of the citizens but they must have a cemetery. We laid it out and walled it in, but we had to shoot a man to start it."

During his stay on the ranch Russell picked up another story which he brought to London and told with dramatic effect. It appealed to him professionally, as illustrating the readiness with which the plea of acting in self-defence was accepted by Western juries trying a prisoner on the charge of murder or manslaughter.

Three citizens of Denver were drinking in a little parlor off the bar of a saloon. One of them, smitten with an attack of heart disease, suddenly fell dead. His companions, conscious of a

shady record, were certain that as matters stood they would be accused of killing the man. They strolled into the bar, ordered a couple of cigars, which they knew were kept in a back room, and whilst the barman was away on the errand they carried in the corpse and fixed him in a chair with his head bowed on his hands, as if he were sleeping off a bout of drinking.

"He'll pay for the cigars," one said, pointing a thumb over his shoulder at the dead man. And they walked out.

The barman waited a reasonable time for the sleeper to waken. Reckoning it had lapsed, he approached him, shook him roughly, and demanded payment for the cigars. To his horror the man rolled off the chair, and he saw he was dead. At this moment two fresh customers entered, and the barman, recognizing his peril as the others had done, said with an oath:

"I did it in self-defence."

Charles Russell, whether as plain Q. C., Attorney-General, or Lord Chief Justice, was the most hospitable of men, alike at his town and country house. When he lived in Harley Street and was rapidly making his way to the front on the political stage, he usually gave a dinner once a week through the Parliamentary Session. They were all interesting, though saddened for some by the circumstance that Russell not only did not smoke himself, but resented smoking by others. It was poor consolation for men accustomed to regard a cigar as not the least delectable adjunct to a dinner, to see the host spooning snuff into his gratified nostrils, and flourishing the bandana that was the terror of hostile witnesses and the dompter of juries.

One dinner, given during the height of the Home Rule controversy, was memorable by reason of the bold admixture of company. It included Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell, and Lord Randolph Churchill. On arriving, Lord

Randolph, having made curiously formal greeting, whispered: "It wants only one other man to make the circle complete."

"Who is that?" I asked.

"Arthur Balfour," he growled.

Lord Randolph was in very bad temper, an occasional frame of mind he was not habituated to conceal. It appeared that the host had not mentioned to him that Parnell was expected, and he complained that he was compromised by meeting in the fraternity of the dinner-table the Irish leader, at that time particularly unsavory in Conservative circles. It occurred to me at the time to be a little difficult to realize this unconventional personage compromised by sitting at meat with the Irish leader. There was a time, not far past, when if secret negotiations and intimate intercourse with Irish members would compromise a man, Lord Randolph would have been hopelessly embarrassed.

It is one of the best features in English political life that the rancour of partisanship is not habitually carried into the social circle. Amongst the capitals of Europe, it was only in London that such a dinner party as this could have taken place. The principle underlying its conception might be further extended. As a rule, through the London season diners-out in the political world find the company runs pretty straitly in grooves. At the house of a Unionist belonging to either House of Parliament one finds fellow-guests of the host's party color. The same experience is suffered at the table of a Liberal. In a very small way, with something less of Lord Russell's audacity, we have always observed his custom. At our table Trojan and Tyrian meet in about equal proportions, and, as far as I have observed, seem to enjoy the hour of truce.

Mr. Balfour, dining at Ashley Gardens whilst Leader of the House of

Commons, not yet Prime Minister, met Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, then Leader of the Opposition. The only point of controversy that arose was upon the proposition that Sir Henry should take the hostess in to dinner, he insisting that the honor more properly belonged to Mr. Balfour. At another time when Mr. Balfour was dining with us, turning over in my mind the names of people he would be most pleased to meet, I felt no doubt about Sir William Harcourt. The Unionist Education Bill was then before the House, which, in accordance with rules then operative, meeting at two o'clock in the afternoon, adjourned for the dinner-hour, resuming debate at nine o'clock. During the afternoon sitting, Mr. Balfour at one side of the table and Sir William Harcourt at the other had been almost viciously contending over points of the Bill. In the evening they met each other with boyish exuberance of good-fellowship.

On sitting down to dinner, Sir William announced that he would have to be in his place at the House when, at nine o'clock, debate on the Education Bill was resumed. Mr. Balfour made no remark at the moment. But when the finger of the clock approached the hour he said: "Now, Harcourt; it's getting on for nine o'clock."

Beyond all things at the dinner-table Sir William dearly loved a cigar, the bigger the better. Coffee and cigars were still afar off. But a patriot must make sacrifices for his country. Rising and pushing back his chair, he said: "I beg to move the closure," and, with a bow to the company, he departed.

Mr. Balfour stayed on till after ten o'clock. Sir William took an opportunity, somewhere about 9.30, of rising from the front Opposition bench and deploring the absence of the Leader of the House, the Minister in charge of the Bill. He marvelled what call of

duty or pleasure could keep him away from his post, a little joke the point of which, possibly with the exception of confidence bestowed on his nearest colleague on the front bench, Sir William had all to himself.

Charles Russell was a member of the Two Pins Club, an institution named, if not founded, by Frank Burnand. The derivation of the title will be found in the final syllable of the names of those famous horsemen Dick Turpin and John Gilpin. The members, who, in addition to some "Punch" men, included half a dozen well-known outsiders, met at an appointed rendezvous on fine Sunday mornings, rode out to a country hostelry, lunched, and trotted home again in good time for dinner.

One evening, riding back through Twickenham, Linley Sambourne, in the exuberance of his ever-young soul, amused the company by affecting to know the history of the dwellers in various houses by the way. This having been suffered for a quarter of an hour, Sir Frank Lockwood quietly asked:

"Did you know General Stores."

"Stores!" cried the unsuspecting Sammy. "I should think so. I knew him when he was a captain at Aldershot. He went out to India, and won his way up."

"Ah! he lives over there," said Lockwood, pointing to a shop-front which bore the legend "General Stores."

One Spring-time Sir Charles Russell, not yet Lord Chief Justice, invited the Two Pins Club to spend the week-end with him at his country place. I, habitually a week-ender by the seaside, was not a member of the club, but was graciously included in the invitation. Lord Rosebery, a neighbor at The Durdans, came over on the Saturday night to dine at Tadworth Court. Inevitably he heard the story, which was highly popular with the club. The next day, at his bidding, we all went over to The Durdans for luncheon. There being

some new faces at the table, out came the story again.

"Well," said Lord Rosebery, "I have always suspected the Two Pins Club had only one horse among them. I know now they have only one story."

Dining in Cromwell Road with Lord Russell of Killowen, an estate to which the unfriended Irish barrister had risen, I observed hung on the staircase Sargent's portrait of him, which had been one of the features of the Academy. It was painted in broad-bottomed wig, and the picturesque robes of the Lord Chief Justice. Sitting by the host in the drawing-room after dinner, I was struck afresh with the rare beauty of the shape of his head. Remarking that it seemed a pity that in a portrait it should be covered by a wig, I asked if he would sit for a little collection of portraits of contemporaries I have formed. It includes such diverse persons as Lord Rosebery, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Labouchere, Joseph Cowen of Newcastle, Lord Randolph Churchill, Tenniel, Burnand, and Henry Irving.

These were busy men to submit themselves to the infliction of posing for their portraits. The difficulty was overcome by what turned out to be a happy thought. More than twenty years ago, at an exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, I observed a portrait in Kitcat form by an unknown artist. I was much struck by the style of the work and the excellence of the likeness. I wrote to the artist, explaining that, being a busy person, I could not find time to sit at his studio, but if he would come to my study and paint me as I worked with my secretary, I would give him a commission. The offer was accepted, with admirable result, and the system I extended in other directions.

Thus Mr. Arthur Balfour, at the time Chief Secretary for Ireland, was

Painted at work in the Irish Office. Lord Randolph Churchill sat at his desk in his house in Connaught Place, and Lord Rosebery, at the time Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, more or less meekly suffered in a smoking-jacket in his study at Berkeley Square.

Made acquainted with these conditions, Lord Russell readily consented. But the Blind Fury with the abhorred shears was already close at hand. Some

The Cornhill Magazine.

sittings were given at his town house, the work being continued at Tadworth, whither the dying man repaired. It is a splendid portrait, the robe of the Lord Chief Justice, with the mysteriously named S.S. collar round his neck, adding grace and dignity to the figure. There is a pathetic look on the fine face that indicates consciousness of the approaching end.

Henry W. Lucy.

(To be continued.)

A QUIET VILLAGE.

The village, as it comes back to my memory, wears an aspect of dignified and somnolent repose. It lies in open, level country, cut up into chessboard fields where the tall spires of noble churches stand as beacons visible for miles, far from big towns and highways, "out of the world," as we say, in a land of incredible quiet and remoteness. It consists of a little labyrinth of cottages twisting crookedly around the church, a pleasant and spacious Rectory, breathing of *otium cum dignitate*, a farm-house or two, a mill, and two or three villas of varying degrees of gentility. There is no Squire nor Manor House.

The Rector, when I knew him, some dozen years ago, was then far on in the eighties, and one could not desire to look upon a more beautiful and venerable old man. He might have been the presentation of old age, in its most dignified and attractive aspect, portrayed by some great painter. A scholar of no mean attainments, he and his wife, some twenty years younger than himself, had lived for years a life of unbroken quiet and leisure at the Rectory. They received no company, and only on the very rarest occasions left the village. The Rectory drawing-room was a library, the walls of which

were lined with books from top to bottom. I see the Rector now, making his brief turn in the village on a winter afternoon, and coming back to tea in the library drawing-room in the January twilight. Words, of course, are powerless to express the mental gulf which separated him from the bulk of the inhabitants. "I always express the very greatest admiration for my parishioners and their doings!" he exclaimed one day, adding sharply, "although, of course, I have my own opinion." It must be candidly admitted that these naïve artifices were not at all times very successful. He had begun, years before, in the zeal of comparative youth, by reading *Paradise Lost* to the villagers. But these efforts had been soon abandoned. The reading aloud of English literature to the country poor is indeed one of the very earliest illusions to fold its tents like the Arabs and silently steal away. I myself remember reading Rudyard Kipling's little masterpiece, *The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes* (which, after all, is very different to Milton) to a gathering of young lads all engaged in farm work. When the reading was done I asked the most intelligent looking of the lot if he had enjoyed the story, and received the reply, mono-

syllable but long-drawn out, "No-a-a." On another occasion the school-mistress undertook to read Dickens to the assembled village. She read on and on amid a complete silence, not of attention, but of respectful resignation. She went from Mr. Pickwick to Little Dombey, from Mrs. Nickleby to Tiny Tim. Looking up suddenly and becoming aware of the blank rows of unsmiling faces, she broke off, and asked, "Shall I go on?" "No, ma'am," came at once from all parts of the room, in tones of the utmost politeness, but of a really desperate firmness. I saw the other day in a Socialist publication some scathing remarks upon a country reading-room run by the squire and the parson, in which an old Crockford formed the *pièce de résistance* of the literary fare provided for the members. For my own part I consider the selection an admirable one, and far more likely to give pleasure to the villagers than Milton, Dickens, or Rudyard Kipling. Like a breviary, it would require some little practice before they knew how to use it, but having once mastered its main principles the rustics would be able to look out the names of the local clergy and trace their various careers. The recollection of those who had been removed by death—as it was an old volume—would afford opportunities for the moralizing so dear to the rustic mind. The pleasure of seeing names one knows in print is what lends such an unfailling charm, incomprehensible to the outsider, to the reading of the local newspaper. I have known villagers who read it through, from beginning to end, twice every week. A not dissimilar interest might be afforded by Crockford.

But to return to the good old Doctor. Although he did not endeavor directly to impart his erudition to his parishioners, old or young, a fine aroma of learning breathed from his sermons

and conversation in parochial visits. "We owe a cock to Æsculapius," he would say when paying some small debt in the village. On examining the "Marriage of Cana" on a cottage wall he would remark, "I see—yes—that is the Symposiarch." I greatly enjoyed listening to his sermons, which, perhaps not unnaturally, dealt continually with the subject of old age. One New Year we had thus meditated *de senectute* for three successive Sundays, and as the Doctor mounted the pulpit on the Second Sunday after the Epiphany my mind was stirred by a pleasing expectation of variety and change. But I had reckoned without the opportunity afforded by the Gospel for the Day. He announced the text, "But Thou hast kept the good wine until now," and beginning, "These words, the old man's comfort," preached a touching sermon, which he brought to a close with the lines from *Rabbi ben Ezra*—

Grow old along with me,
The Best is yet to be.

His pulpit manner was marked by extreme deliberation, and was of the most ample and majestic kind. He would give out his text in this way: "In that grand chapter appointed by the Church as the First Lesson at Morning Prayer on the Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity—I allude, as you will all doubtless be aware, to the sixty-fifth chapter of the Book of the Prophet Isaiah—in the concluding portion of the eighteenth verse you will find these words written"—rolling out the sonorous syllables of words like "Trinity" and "Isaiah," and making long pauses at each comma. This method of elocution was a source of torture to the Doctor's churchwarden, who sat immediately under the pulpit, the principal figure of a somewhat scanty congregation. This gentleman,

owing to some internal injury, was unable to maintain the same position for two consecutive minutes without feeling acute physical pain, and violently tossed and twisted from side to side under the calm and unperturbed flow of the Doctor's eloquence. The spectacle of these writhings, and the knowledge of the sufferings they represented, spoiled, I must confess, the effect of the sermons for me.

Outwardly the *ne plus ultra* of calm, the little village was in reality torn by feuds as bitter as ever vexed any Urbino or Gubbio of mediæval days. These feuds were rather between the scanty representatives of the upper classes than among the cottagers. "I hate the turnpike!" was a frequent exclamation of the churchwarden last referred to. His house stood on one side of the road—on the other, at regular intervals, were placed the three remaining better houses of the village. These were, first the Rectory; then the comfortable dwelling of an old gentleman retired from some species of business, I know not what, a bachelor known familiarly to everybody as "Old Binks," who amused himself with the collection of china, and with a garden, bees and poultry; and thirdly, highest flight of our nobility, a gloomy mansion with clipped hedges and yew trees cut into strange shapes, inhabited by a lady called Miss Nevinson. She lived an extremely sequestered life, and seldom came to church. Her view of things, indeed, was somewhat cynical and old *régime*, and her apathy towards all local affairs complete, save for the scorn which she was in the habit of pouring on "that man Gervase"—the churchwarden—and his wife. Between the Gervases, on one side of the road, and Old Binks and Miss Nevinson on the other, there reigned an hostility of equal intensity, varying only in the degree of its outward expression. This was naturally

most open in the case of Old Binks. Mr. Gervase, a most worthy and kind-hearted man, had been a gentleman farmer, but had retired from this occupation, and was then living with his wife and young daughter in this remote spot a life of very little outward interest or variety. In such circumstances the Church is often "a home for the lonely." The unfortunate thing was that it was precisely the parochial activities of the Gervases which angered their neighbors more than anything else. The very sight of them roused Old Binks, otherwise for the most part a kindly and jovial old soul, to an absolutely demoniac fury. "Here comes my lady Mary," he would say, with withering sarcasm, and shaking all over with noiseless laughter as he caught sight of poor little Mrs. Gervase in the distance, carrying beef-tea and jelly to the poor. The idea both of Miss Nevinson and Old Binks (opposed to one another on all other points, but joined in the closest union on this) was that in performing the Corporal Works of Mercy Mrs. Gervase was stepping outside of her appointed sphere. This idea was, however, most unfounded, as on one occasion the Gervases had entertained an Earl at luncheon.

With the Rector Old Binks was on good terms. He usually expressed an unbounded admiration for his character and learning, and received his most recondite allusions with an air of intense appreciation and enjoyment, but absolutely declined to attend church as long as the Gervases did so. "I couldn't go—oh dear! no," he would say; "I should see the Devil—I'm sure I should—sitting in front of me with his wife by his side." "Mr. Gervase will not assassinate you," the Doctor would urge; "and even if he should, you would fall as a martyr, engaged in the performance of your duty." To the onlooker it appeared far less probable that Gervase would assassinate

Binks than that Binks would assassinate Gervase. It was indeed a wonder, seeing the hostility with which the latter was surrounded, that morning by morning he rose up undaunted, and evening by evening lay down unconsumed. *Ecce Daniel in medio leonum.* Binks, however, in his turn, was by no means without his foes. A great detestation for him was cherished by the miller, who was jealously guarding a dozen bottles of some rare vintage, or what he fondly imagined to be such, against the day of his enemy's death. "As soon as I hear the breath's out of his body," he would say, "I means to open them bottles and call the whole village to come in and drink." I do not know from what obscure occasions these hatreds arose—probably originally from quite trivial causes—but I am glad to be able to state that at the reconciling moment of the Jubilee Feast in 1897 the feud between Mr. Gervase and Old Binks was healed. They shook hands, and from that moment Binks was positively unctuous in his proffers of assistance of all kinds to his so long insulted neighbor. "I was not aware that Miss Gervase walked to the station every morning on her way to school," he remarked, "or I should have sent the carriage—I'm sure I should."

When last I visited the village a sad change had passed over the fortunes of the poor old gentleman. He had lost money in speculations and in lawsuits, to which he was greatly addicted. He no longer inhabited the pleasant house upon the turnpike, with its shelves of china soup-plates and tea-cups, and its great bow window facing due south, in which one saw big pears and clusters of green tomatoes set to ripen in the autumn sun. The garden, with its tulips and asparagus beds, the beehives and bantams, the gold and silver pheasants behind their wires, knew him no more. He was living in all the discomfort and confusion

of a crowded laborer's cottage. When I saw him he was seated in a great arm-chair, saved with a few other pieces of furniture from the wreck. The complete want of privacy must have been torture to him. His once genial and rubicund face was pale with vexation and sorrow. The old Rector, for whom he had had so great a regard, was gone, and a zealous enthusiast for humanity had taken his place. The new broom was sweeping vigorously in all directions. Among other things a sermon had been preached in which very pointed reference had been made to the sanitary condition of a row of cottages in which the old man was interested. "We have a very talented man at present," he said, with the old sarcasm and the old silent laugh, "the Rev. Wilson Gardiner. His sermons are lumber," he added, "not Scripture." He admitted that for the time being there was great enthusiasm in the parish. "He has the wealth of Calcutta behind him," he went on in caustic explanation. This I found afterwards referred to some wealthy Americans from Philadelphia who were spending the summer in the village.

One other familiar figure I must mention, for I remember her well. She was a Miss Annie Wilmore, the Doctor's great supporter and ally. She lived alone without a servant, in a house far bigger than she needed. This had been included in the portion of goods which had fallen to her, but it was rather a source of trouble and worry to her than anything else. A very large proportion of her small income was spent in good works. On missionary Sundays she would put gold into the bag. On All Saints' Day, St. Thomas's Day, St. John's Day, she gave little entertainments to different classes of the small community, the old people, the widows, the Sunday School children. On those good Trac-

tarian days, and indeed all possible days, she would be in her place in church. "Miss Annie, Miss Annie," the good old Doctor would cry out joyfully as he caught sight of her in the village. Her great trouble was the big house, in which living alone she suffered mortal terror. When the season of thunderstorms came on she left the village altogether, and fled for refuge to the nearest town. "I am so afraid of thunder," she would often say; "it makes me tremble all over." "I don't mind the lightning," cottage people will often tell you, "but I am afraid of thunder." I think the terrific sound is connected in their minds with the trump of Doom. It probably was in Miss Annie's. She delighted in giving to all and sundry. Lads working in the garden or about the house were feasted by her, and she never turned away her face from any poor man. Her sister, Miss Susan Wilmore, also lived alone in the village, but she, on the other hand, was a misanthrope of the most *farouche* description, and refused to open her doors to anybody. The Doctor would shake his head and sigh sadly when he spoke of her case.

Under the social heaven illuminated by these various lights—the Doctor and his wife, Miss Nevinston, the Gervases, Old Binks, and the two Miss Wilmores—moved a dim, patient population. I confess that of these I have very little individual recollection. One impression, however, no one could fail to receive, and that was of a kind of wintry cheerfulness in which they were all wrapped, a content of resignation, the calm of people who never expected anything to happen, or that things would ever be different or better. The village was a very damp one, and they were all crippled and crooked with rheumatism. Bronchitis, asthma, lumbago, one heard of continually. They were largely a population of old people

—old people who had seen their children grow up and go out of the village into the world. On winter evenings they would sit for a little, without a light, by crackling fires of sticks, chatting light-heartedly, but with a faint tinge of bitterness, a certain flavor of orange peel in their talk, about old days in the village, the old parsons and farmers and school-mistresses, this, "kind creature," and that "good soul," the friends who had died, the children who had gone, the hard winters and bad times that poor people had known, and then they would go to bed in the dark at about half-past six to prevent the invasion of *ennui*, and to save fire and candle. A certain eerie gaiety is the impression that remains with me from these conversations. You shivered slightly, but at the same time laughed. The unensoriousness which distinguished them from any other villagers I have ever known must, I think, be attributed to the fact that they were so largely a community of the aged. The years had brought a tolerant wisdom, demonstrating the futility of making extravagant demands on human frailty. I remember the case of the clergyman of a neighboring parish being deprived of his living for long-continued drunkenness. "They may say what they like," one old lady remarked, "but I shall always consider that he did a great work at Brinkton. A very hard worker in the garden, and a first-class carpenter." A large proportion of them were invalids of various kinds, who never left their cottages under any circumstances whatever. The liberating moment of the Jubilee of 1897, to which I have already referred, brought with it, however, a wholesome troubling of the stagnant waters. On that occasion the most stationary somehow managed to rise up and walk and put themselves into the pool. They attended the dinner which began at noon, and lasting

till late in the day was followed by a ball at night, and were all still there, as cold potatoes, remnants of the ear-

The Oxford and Cambridge Review.

her feast, were handed round as refreshments at two o'clock in the morning.

Curé de Campagne.

(*R. L. Gates.*)

THE BAIRN-KEEPER.

II.

Easie got a full view of the Leeks family as they ate their supper that evening. William McLeod, Kate's husband, was a big, hulking, silent man, who shovelled in his food at a great pace, then rose from the table, lighted his pipe, and went out into the night without having exchanged a word with anyone. Grannie, as Kate expressed it, "got her meat" given to her on her knee by the fireside, for, said the tender daughter-in-law, "it's ower muckle fash trailing the auld body across til the table." So a very uncomfortable meal Grannie had; she could not see to feed herself, and many a spoonful found its misdirected way on to her shawl or her skirt. Easie noticed all this, and marvelled. Kate had a strange, restless manner; she would eat a few mouthfuls standing, then cross over to the other side of the room for a plate or a spoon, then sit down and look round the table, eat a little more, get up again muttering to herself—and so on. Easie sat like a mouse at the corner of the table, eating whatever she was offered, her active little brain noting all she saw. She could not quite make out this household; something was amiss, but what it was she could not imagine. Kate's attitude to the baby was perplexing, it was so callous. Easie remembered her own mother, and she knew also what the ordinary, normal attitude of parents and children generally was; so why was this woman so unkind to this child? She looked old to be its mother, too, Easie thought: she must find out.

"I'm feared the bairn's no weel the nicht," she ventured to say.

"She's aye the same," Kate answered. The child's horrid little whingeing cry seemed only to tease her, instead of causing her any anxiety. Easie felt that solicitude on behalf of the bairn was not approved of; she stood by the chimney corner waiting for orders, but as Kate did not issue them, she made another venture:

"Ye look gey wearit, Grannie," she said. "Would ye no' like tae gang till yer bed?"

"I wad that," said Grannie wistfully, "but I canna get up the stair my lane, an' Kate's no' ready for an 'oor an' mair—there's a' the kye tae milk noo." She looked round with that curiously timid air that Easie had noticed before.

"I'll tak' ye up the stair," said Easie confidently. In reality she was not so sure of her own powers, but she felt it was necessary to assert them.

"Ye've been sittin' ower lang," she said, with quite a professional manner. "It was the same way wi' an auld body lived near us at hame; she aye got stiff in the jints."

"Aye, that's it, my lassie," said Grannie, beginning to hoist herself up painfully out of the chair. Easie stood by her side, small but alert, ready to do her utmost. Once Grannie had got upon her feet, Easie felt less anxious; she put her stick-like arm round the old woman's waist and began to guide her trembling steps across the uneven flags of the floor. When they reached the staircase and began to make a tollsome ascent, Easie caught hold of Grannie's elbow with an iron grip.

"I'll haud ye firm," she assured her, though her heart was really beating with trepidation. Nothing, as we are always being told, is so infectious as courage—or even a show of courage. Grannie knew nothing of Easie's fears, and gained the head of the steep little staircase in safety.

"Ye'll gie me a hand oot o' my claes, Easie?" she said then.

"Aye, I can do that fine," said the little boaster again, and Grannie remarked contentedly that she was "a real good lassie."

During the process of undressing her old charge, Easie obtained some information about her young one: the baby did not belong to Kate. This bit of news was imparted to her in a whisper.

"Wha's aucht the bairn then?" Easie asked.

"Wheesht, wheesht—it's Lizzie's bairn. Kate's dochter's bairn. Lizzie's a fine lassie tae; thie was jist a mistake like—it was Robert MacIntyre the pleughman. . . ."

Easie had not been brought up in cotton wool. At "the Huts" she had heard of such mistakes before. Still, she was but a child herself, and her understanding of these subjects was necessarily incomplete; but not for worlds would she have confessed to such childishness—her rôle was that of a capable woman of the world, so after a moment's pause she replied: "Sae that's the wye, is't?" in a very sagacious tone.

"Aye; an' William was that affronted he sent Lizzie aff til a place in Stirling when the bairn was a month old. Puir Lizzie didna wish tae gang an' leave the bairn; but my William was aye a dour man. She's no seen it syne—I'm thinkin' she'll see an unco' change on it—it was a fine bairn the day she left it."

"It's no' verra fine noo," said Easie, pursing her lips as she considered this story.

Having got Grannie safely to bed, Easie had now to address herself to the more difficult task of getting the bairn ready for the night. She went down to the kitchen to receive her last instructions from Kate. These were not illuminating. A dirty feeding-bottle filled with sour-looking milk, and a medicine bottle containing a dark, sticky, sweet mixture were given into her hands.

"Gie her the bottle when she's wakefu', an' gin she cries ower muckle gie her a soop o' this," Kate said, vaguely indicating the dark bottle.

"Is't meedlicne?" Easie inquired.

"Aye," said Kate shortly. "Gang aff til yer bed, and tak' the bairn wi' ye."

To Easie's entire ignorance of all the perils that might have befallen the baby thus thrust upon her care, may perhaps be attributed the measure of success that crowned her efforts. She would do her best—this was her fixed resolve, and her heart was filled with a burning pity for the baby—the baby that no one wanted apparently.

So with her mouth pursed, her brows knitted with determination, she fell to the awful task of putting the child to bed. It was crying to begin with, and Easie's unaccustomed fingers fumbling at its garments only made it cry the more. Perseverance, however, prevailed; the last dingy wrapping was got off, and the pitiful little limbs were disclosed.

"Losh me! the bairn maun be washed!" Easie exclaimed. She had frequently helped at the ablutions of the Donovan family; but they were children of three and four; she had yet to learn what it was to wash a baby. Giving no thought to possible difficulties, she laid the squalling child down between the blankets and dashed down to the kitchen in search of hot water. Kate was out, so, unhindered, Easie filled a large pail with hot water and hauled it upstairs, spilling it on each

step of the painful ascent. Then, almost distraught by the baby's screams, she had to descend again in search of a tub. This time Fate was also kind, a tub was found behind the back door. Easie caught it up and rushed, panting, through the kitchen and up the stair. By the time she reached her room, the baby's little face was almost black. "Lord save us! What gin I've killed the bairn!" she cried, catching it up in her arms. The touch of its little shivering naked body nearly moved her to tears, and the blind way it stretched its helpless claw-like hands up to her as if praying for love. The change of position soothed its cries for a minute, and Easie was able to lay it down again while she poured the water into the tub. Oh, careful nurses with bath thermometers, what would you have said to Easie's happy-go-lucky methods? But her guardian angel must have been watching at this desperate moment, for the temperature of this first bath proved to be strangely right. Clumsily, cautiously, tremblingly, Easie lifted the bairn into the tub. As she splashed the warm water over its clammy little body, she saw the child's suffused face cool down to a more ordinary tint. A wan smile began to play over its features, and it gave a feeble kick or two that in a more healthy child would have been a splash of delight. The bath was a manifest success. But when it came to lifting the bairn out, that was quite another matter. It had been difficult enough to lift when clothed—naked and wet it felt as slippery as an eel. There were more cries, you may be sure, before the bairn, dry and clean, was at last put to bed, and Easie was at liberty to seek repose herself.

You would have imagined that sleep, long and profound, should, by all the laws of justice, have crowned such efforts as Easie had made that night.

And indeed she had scarcely lain down (cautiously it is true, because the baby was at the back of the bed) before she was sound asleep. But it could not have been more than an hour later that a piercing scream rang in her ears: the baby was awake and yelling again.

Poor Easie! Drugged with sleep and fatigue, it was a bitter moment for her. With a valiant effort she rubbed the sleep from her eyes, and fell to her appointed task once more. The idea that it was a task beyond her powers was not entertained for a moment. Most of us are half alive all through life because our powers are so seldom called into full play: the proud consciousness came to Easie that night that her whole being was needed for what she had to do—she was alive for the first time. Two whole hours she fought away alone, then, daunted at last, she crept across the passage to Grannie's room, and roused the old woman.

"Will ye can help me, Grannie?" she said piteously. "The bairn's been greetin' these twa 'oors, and I'm that tired I dinna ken what tae dae."

She stood beside the bed, a small wearied creature in an unbleached cotton nightgown, her feet red with cold, her hair tangled about her eyes.

"Hae ye gien her her bottle?" Grannie asked.

"Aye, a while syne, an' she's greetin' the mair."

"Lay her ower yer knee, lassie, wi' her face doon, an' pat her on the back," Grannie suggested.

Having got this bit of nursery lore, Easie stole back to her own room and sat down on the bed to practise the newly learned lesson. Heaven was kind; the cries gradually ceased, and at last the wearied bairn-keeper was able to lay her charge back into bed asleep, and creep in beside it for a little well-earned repose. Youth is a wonderful thing; she woke fresh and

strong again when the baby's first whingeling cry heralded the dawn.

After this awful night Easie's education as a nurse advanced by leaps and bounds. In a week's time you would have thought her the most experienced of bairn-keepers; you should have seen her whipping the baby in and out of its clothes, dandling it on her knee, rocking it in her arms, washing, feeding, tending it as it had never been tended before. The change in its conditions brought about a corresponding change in the baby; it screamed less, and was much easier to manage. Now and then it even smiled a faint little attempt at a smile when Easie tried to amuse it. Easie beamed with pride. Never had there been such a bairn, she thought.

The more pressing claims of the bairn having been looked to, Grannie's case now came into Easie's consideration, for they had become great friends before the week was over.

Poor Grannie had a sad time of it, sitting there stiff and blind by the fire; it was a problem what to do for her. She was so stiff and frail that Easie had to help her whenever she rose from her chair. Yet in this glowing summer weather why should Grannie have to sit always in the ill-smelling kitchen when outside the sun was bright and the air warm? Easie revolved the matter in her few quiet moments, and at last ventured to speak about it.

"Would ye no step oot intil the sun, Grannie?" she said one day. "I'll pit the bairn in the cradle and gie ye my airm oot."

"I've no been ower the door this year an' mair," the old woman replied.

"Ye maun try," said Easie briskly. "It's fine and warm the day." She laid down the baby and took Grannie by the elbow, raising her out of the chair. Then together they made a slow pilgrimage across the kitchen and stood

by the door. How bravely the sun was shining!

"I feel it's gey warm," she cried.

"Come oot by a wee bittle," Easie urged. "Here's a cromach the maister had will help ye." She put the stick into the old woman's right hand and took a firm grip of her left arm. "Ye'll dae fine, Grannie," she said. "Ye mauna be feared; there's an auld box out by the west barn door ye'll can tak' a seat on." Grannie was afraid to venture so far on her shaky old limbs; but Easie mocked at these fears, and step by step guided her round to the end of the barn and set her down on the upturned box to rest. Then Easie scooted off to the house to fetch the baby, and they had an hour of almost delirious enjoyment sitting together in the sunshine. It became a regular thing after this that Easie should lead her feeble little company out to the end of the barn every fine afternoon, and there she would entertain them for hours at a time. Sometimes Grannie held the bairn, sometimes Easie, and sometimes it was allowed to lie and kick about on the short, sun-warmed sward. Then Grannie had long, old stories to tell, and these were of enthralling interest. Easie's own powers as an entertainer were neither few nor small; on a wet day, when it was impossible to take the old woman out, she would always find something to amuse her.

"I wonder is there onything in my bag would divert ye, Grannie?" she asked one day, when the bird of time seemed long upon the wing.

Therewith she produced the bag, and handed it to her to feel all over: "Aye, an' ye maun smell it tae," she directed, "it's a fine smell; an' see til the clasp o't—nic, nic—d'ye hear the way it gaes?—in an' oot that cliver; and the inside is a' lined wi' grand red stuff (pit yer hand intil 't Grannie), an' there's a wee pooch tae the side (d'ye

feel it?) and anither tae the ither. I wunner wha aucht it aince? My word, she maun hae missed it awfae! Did ever ye see siccan a bag, Grannie?"

This eulogium quite kindled the listener's interest. She sat up and fingered the wonderful article, clasped and unclasped the fastening as directed, and even obediently sniffed at the leather.

Then Easie began to catalogue all its various and interesting contents. To another mind these had been but worthless; Easie had powers of imagination and description that made her poor little oddments into a most worthy collection.

"There's three pirns here, Grannie—bide a wee and I'll gie them intil yer hand—there, ye hae them. Weel, thae pirns are awfu' bonnie gin ye seed them. There's a blue yin—Mrs. Adams at the shop had a dozen o' them frae Glasgie aince, an' what for ye'll no guess?" Grannie could not imagine, so Easie went on:

"They was for a weddin' goon, nae less! There's ane a Mistress Clarke has a fairm doon Kippen way had a dochter marrit twelve year ago—weel, thae pirns was tae sew her weddin' goon. Ye'll ken Mistress Clarke yer-sel?"

"Aye, I ken her fine, Easie," said Grannie, and had to tell in her turn all the story of the marriage for which the reels had been bought. This took up quite half an hour, and then Easie had another treasure to display: "The bonniest thing ever ye saw; the minister's leddy gied it tae me at the New Year's pairty she had for the school. It's a wee box, Grannie, shapit like an egg and pentit Stewart tartan—feel what smooth it is! but ye see the tap screws like, an' there's a thimble in the inside. Did ever ye hear o' sic a con-celt?"

Grannie unscrewed the top and duly

admired the thimble, before Easie went on to the next treasure.

"There's a set o' wires here wad be awfu' fine gin they werena rustit. D'ye ken what's good for rustit wires, Grannie?"

"Aye, Easie, a bit rag wi' lie an' ashes is fine," the old woman replied. Then Easie found a bit rag and even a drop or two of oil, and Grannie demanded that she should have the joy of cleaning the knitting needles. Easie sat close beside her, exclamatory, enthusiastic, supplying fresh ash or another drop of oil, and Grannie rubbed away at the needles as happy as a queen, forgetting the length of the afternoon altogether. By the time that the needles had a high polish on them, Easie began to make tea, and during the meal Grannie herself made a faltering proposition that she would like fine to knit a stocking again if Easie could set it on for her. "Aye and lift the stitches whiles tae," she added sorrowfully. "I was a grand knitter aince, but noo I let the stitches fa', and Kate hasna the time tae be aye liftin' them for me."

"I'll can dae it," said Easie. "I had the first prize at the school for knittin'."

Thus it came about that a sort of Penelope's web was set a-going for Grannie. She worked a few rows, and then Easie was called upon to pick up the stitches. This was generally an impossible task, so Easie would stealthily pull down the work and feverishly re-knit it to its former length before she returned it to Grannie. Those whose days are filled with interesting and important work may find it difficult to realize the flood of happiness that was brought into the old woman's life by these apparently trivial means. Easie's care of her, the little daily walk, the occasional charge of the bairn for ten minutes, the stocking knitting—what a revolution these

things worked in her eventless days! Easie had brought her back to life—she felt herself of some account once more—was she not Easie's referee on all points about the bairn? Indeed, it was her ancient wisdom that discovered what was making the bairn ill, by the simple expedient of smelling its feeding-bottle. "Losh me, Easie, the bottle's soor! Did Kate no' tell ye aye tae scind it oot? The bairn's poisoned a' this while."

"I didna ken. I aye jist pit in the milk," said poor Easie, abashed by her own carelessness as she regarded the evil-smelling bottle.

Thereafter her zeal as bottle-washer knew no bounds, and indeed ended in tragedy when, by an unwise application of boiling water, she broke the bottle in two. Then Kate's anger was kindled, and she docked Easie's pay for a week to repair the damage.

Still Easie persevered in her efforts after cleanliness, for the bairn prospered and was in health. Its little face was becoming daily more placid, and the strange old look was gradually passing off it. It was almost pretty.

Easie's cup of joy ran over when McCallum the baker, coming in with some loaves about six weeks after her arrival at Leeks, remarked upon the improvement in the bairn: "It's no' the same ava'," he said. So July and August slipped away, two months of strenuous labor for Easie, but labor not uncrowned with a measure of achievement. There had been weeks of wonderfully dry, warm weather; but in September came signs of change—darkening skies, keener winds, and showers that came charging down the glens. Winter had begun to make his stealthy approach.

Kate seemed very strange one morning when Easie came downstairs. She was moving about the kitchen restlessly, trying to work, but getting nothing done. The place was in even

greater confusion than usual, for no apparent reason.

"I'm tae send ye a message tae the Braes, Easie," she said abruptly, as they finished a very badly cooked dinner at midday.

"But I canna tak' the bairn a' that road, mistress. Will ye can mind her yersel a' the afternoon?" Easie objected, casting a jealous eye upon the cradle, where the bairn, clean and quiet, was lying asleep.

"Awa' wi' ye—I'll mind the bairn. Is there nae but yersel can dae that?" Kate asked sarcastically.

She produced from a cupboard the parcel which Easie was to carry to the Braes Farm, and without further preparation the bairn-keeper had to set off. Somehow or other, Easie started on this long walk with curious misgivings. Kate looked so queer—she could not understand her—and how would the household get on all afternoon under her charge? Grannie would be stiffening in her chair, and the bairn crying in its cradle, she felt sure. But hurry as she might to get over the long miles to the Braes, Easie could not hope to arrive home before evening. The dusk was indeed falling before, tired and hungry, she came up to the door of Leeks on her return journey from the Braes.

As she supposed, dismal walls were penetrating out into the chill night air.

"My certy! she's left the door aff the sneck on Grannie's back!" Easie exclaimed, darting in through the open door. The fire was black upon the hearth; from the cradle the bairn kept up a steady screaming, and Grannie sat miserably in her chair, shuddering as the cold air from the open door blew in upon her poor old back.

"Eh! Easie, lassie! I thocht ye wad ne'er be here!" she cried, as the welcome sound of the bairn-keeper's brisk little footfall came across the floor.

"Whaur's the mistress?" Easie de-

manded indignantly, shutting the door and darting to the cradle to lift the child and quiet its yells.

"She's no weel; she's awa' til her bed," said Grannie. "Eh, Easie, ma dear, it's terrible cauld the nicht, an' I couldna rise tae get at the bairn, an' I yellin' a' the time!"

With blazing eyes and an almost awful energy, Easie set about the task of comforting her two forlorn charges. The fire had to be lit first of all, and Grannie wrapped in a shawl. Then the bairn was pacified with a bottle, and Grannie was provided with a cup of hot tea.

"There noo, ye'll be warmer," she said, as she knelt on the hearth, blowing up the smouldering logs.

"Eh, I've an awfu' groosin' on me, Easie," the old woman complained, drawing her shawl more tightly round her, "an awfae groosin' doon my back."

Easie was too inexperienced to feel any alarm that an old person should feel an "awfu' groosin'" down the back; so she cheerfully administered the cup of tea and inquired after Kate—how she was and what ailed her? But Grannie was mysterious; she would not commit herself to make any statements, only by strange contractions of the mouth and shakes of the head indicated that something was far wrong.

"Ye'd best try an' mak' the guld-man's parritch," she said. "Kate'll no be doon the nicht."

So this task was added to Easie's other labors. She grappled with it undaunted, and, when McLeod came in, was able to present him with a bowl of quite eatable, if slightly over-salted, porridge.

"Whaur's the mistress?" he demanded.

"She's no weel; she's in her bed," Easie replied.

Silence fell for a minute, then Easie heard the man swear roundly to him-

self. She had never heard him do this before, and wondered why he did it now. Oaths, alas! were not unfamiliar to Easie; she had heard plenty of them at "the Huts"; but there seemed no reason why McLeod should be angry just now—how could Kate help being ill?

"Maybe I could tak' something up the stair til the mistress? A drop tea's fine when a body's seek," Easie said timidly.

"Let her be, lassie," McLeod said gruffly—"let her be; she's best let alane." Then, seeing Easie's mystified expression, he added curtly, "She tak's drink."

Thus was Easie abruptly introduced to the family skeleton at Leeks Farm. She said not a word on receiving the information, but shivered deep down in her heart. Life at "the Huts" had shown her only too clearly the meaning of the phrase, and given her an almost morbid terror of drunkenness. Kate sober had been bad enough; but Kate drunk! For a moment Easie's courage almost failed; she would have liked to turn and fly from the house—anywhere, even out into the darkness. But, then, if she ran away, what might not happen to Grannie and the bairn? The thought rallied her wavering courage as the note of a trumpet will rally a flying host. No, she would never desert them—not if she had to face Kate alone and unaided in their defence! But in the meantime McLeod was still here. She decided to appeal to him.

"Maybe ye wad stop in the nicht?" she said wistfully.

"Stop in?" the man asked, not taking in her meaning at first.

"Bide in the hoose—dinna gang oot," said Easie; and in a shamed whisper she added: "I'm feared of folk in drink. I've seen they gey wild at 'the Huts.'"

The man looked at her, half-inclined to smile at her timidity, and yet

touched by it too, for he was kindly enough at heart.

"I'll bide in. Pit Grannie til her bed," he said curtly, as he lit his pipe and sat down by the fire.

But Easie found that she had to face this terror again the next day, and that it was impossible for her to keep her protector in the house all the time. For obviously McLeod had to go out to his work, and then Easie must be left alone. When Kate McLeod took one of her fits of drinking, she did not drink and get it over, but went on at it for days at a time. She would get up and begin her work in the morning, but by noon would be quite incapable again. Thus poor Easie found herself with all the work of the house on her hands in addition to her care of Grannie and the bairn. It never occurred to her to question the justice of this arrangement or to protest against it in any way; she simply fought blindly on, doing all she could as well as she knew how to do it.

One good of this was that she had scarcely time to be frightened. After midday Kate was fairly quiet—generally sunk, an inert mass into a chair, or sometimes even lying on the floor. Easie got into the way of going about her work without regarding her. The mysteries of the culinary art had now to be attacked—and here I must own that Easie failed dismally; so the household came down to a very simple diet of bread and milk, cheese and tea, and such-like fare, which needed little preparation. So things had gone on for three days, and then, to crown all Easie's misfortunes, Grannie fell ill. The shivering of which she had complained came on more severely, and then she felt a pain in her side and back. There was nothing for it but that Grannie should be put to bed.

Easie realized then that she was nearly coming to the end of her re-

sources. She carried the bairn to Grannie's room, took up her post by the sick-bed, and renounced all thought of keeping anything in order downstairs. It was a sorry household indeed that day. Grannie lay groaning in bed, flushed and restless, and tormented by a cough that shook her all to bits; downstairs, in the disordered kitchen, Kate had collapsed on to the floor, where she lay unheeded for hours.

The long day crept on. Towards evening Grannie got worse, and Easie was frightened; she did not know what to do. McLeod was late of coming in, and Easie shrank from going down alone to the kitchen where Kate lay, snoring heavily now in her horrid drunken sleep. She stood at the head of the stair listening till she heard McLeod come in, then she ventured down to the kitchen.

"Grannie's gey bad," she said, her voice trembling. The room was dark, except for the light from the fire, and the man could not see how white and drawn Easie's little face had become. But the next minute she broke out into loud sobs which revealed the tension of her feelings. "Ye maun get a grown body; I canna dae more for Grannie. I've wrocht a' the day wi' her, an' she's waur nor she was. I'm feared she's tae dee. Oh, I'm awfu' feared!" All the tense strain of the last three days was in her broken words, her frantic sobs. No longer the complete bairn-keeper, she had become a child again, afraid of she knew not what—of life and of death and of all the powers of darkness that seemed to be crowding in upon her in that black moment.

It would be hard to say which of them felt the more impotent—the big, lumpish man or the puny child who stood beside him.

"Wheesht, wheesht, lassie!" McLeod began, dismayed by the violence of

Easie's sobs, and searching in his mind for any possible helper. Leeks was a lonely spot, miles away from the nearest neighbors, and it was already late in the evening. Easie, in her present distracted state, could obviously not be left alone in the house while he went to seek for assistance. McLeod glanced from the sobbing child beside him to where his wife lay on the floor, sleeping off her drunkenness. "Gosh me! it's an awfu' business," he cried.

It was at this desperate juncture that a very prosaic angel of deliverance appeared in the well-known form of McCallum the baker. His cart had drawn up at the gate, but his whistle had sounded on deaf ears, so absorbed were those in the house by their own desperate plight. Now a brisk step came up to the door, the latch was lifted, and a cheery voice called out to them:

"Hoo's a' w! ye the nicht, mistress?" He stepped in out of the darkness, carrying his basket of loaves—a welcome sight—but stopped short on the threshold, amazed by the picture before him.

"Losh me! what's a' this?" he ejaculated, laying down the bread on the dresser and advancing to the table. The sight of his kind face only made Easie cry more bitterly, and she turned to him and sobbed out all her woes in one long incoherent sentence:

"Grannie's that ill, she's an awfu' hoast, an' noo she's gey queer like, I dinna ken what she's sayin'—an' aye she'll tak haud o' me and say things ower and ower that I canna unnerstand, an' I'm feared she's tae dee—an' I'm that hungert—an' I'm feared o' the mistress—an' I've been a' my laue a' the day—an'—"

The voice of the whilom valiant bairn-keeper ("bold and firm!") trailed off into another tempest of sobs, and Easie collapsed on a chair and hid her face in her hands.

The two men exchanged glances. Then McCallum, a practical philanthro-

pist of the first rank, addressed himself briskly to the situation.

"Hoots, man, come awa'! I'll gie ye a hand an' we'll tak' the mistress up the stair tll her bed," he said, addressing McLeod. Together they raised Kate from the floor and hoisted her upstairs. That was something done. Easie listened to their heavy steps as they dragged Kate along, and shuddered; but the kitchen did not seem so ghastly after that horrid inert figure was gone from it. She looked up when McCallum returned, and tried to dry her swollen eyes with the corner of her apron.

"Noo, Easie," he began, "the mistress is awa' tll her bed, and McLeod's up the stair w! Grannie. Ye maun pit on the fire an' mak' the supper. Here's a fine new loaf, and I've some grand cookies oot by for ye, an' ye can bble a wheen eggs." He stood beside Easie and patted her thin shoulder with his great, warm floury hand. She smiled a vague, tearful smile.

"I'm that wearit," she explained.

"Aye, tae be sure! Maybe I could pit on the fire for ye," McCallum suggested. He raked away the ashes, brought in an armful of wood from the stack at the door, and soon had a huge blaze roaring up the cold black chimney. Things looked very different then. Easie crept towards the fire and held out her cold, skinny little hands to the warmth.

"That's fine!" she vouchsafed to say, wiping a last tear from her cheek.

"I'll fill the kettle for ye," McCallum said. "An' whaur's the tea an' the eggs, lassie?"

Courage began to flicker up again in Easie's breast. She stirred about the kitchen, producing from cupboards and boxes the requisites of the meal, only now and then a little sound, half sob, half sigh, would burst from her lips to testify to the past storm.

"Noo, Easie, my wumman," said Mc-

Callum, artfully employing a style of address which he fancied would call up all Easie's latent pride, "when ye've had yer tea ye'll feel fine an' strong again, and ye maun gang up tae Grannie an' bide there a wee. I'll tak' the cairt round Kippen way, and send Janet Mackenzie tae ye. She's gey skilly in illness, is Janet. Dinna ye fear for Grannie the noo if she's a bit wandered; auld bodies fever easy."

Thus admonished, Easie at last sat down to her much-needed meal. By the time she had eaten two eggs, a quantity of bread-and-butter, and some cheese, also drunk three cups of tea, her fighting spirit revived once more. Tears were forgotten; she was mighty to do battle again.

"I'm fine noo," she assured her helper. "I maun be aff til the bairn an' Grannie."

"Weel, guld nicht t' ye, Easie, and keep up yer hairt," McCallum exhorted her. It was not an unnecessary exhortation. In the long hours that followed Easie needed all her courage.

Grannie had begun to shiver again instead of being too hot, and had to be piled with clothing. Then the shivering passed off, and she was crying out again at the heat. As the night drew on she wandered more and more in speech, till Easie was terrified. But when she was at her very wits' end, the welcome sound of a knock came to the door, and Janet, the woman "skilly in illness," made her appearance in the sick-room.

Her knowledge, had Easie only known, was not great; but at that moment she seemed an angel of light. She shook her head and compressed her lips at sight of Grannie's flushed face; but Easie did not notice this—she was giving her patient a sup of water at the moment. With a good deal of the importance of office, Janet set about getting all that was needful for the night. Easie had to provide her

with meal for poultices, and cloths to put them in; a kettle, too, and various shawls and pins. Not unwillingly, you may believe, the poor child at last retired to her own bed when Janet declared she had got everything she needed. It was perhaps more than could be expected of human nature that the bairn should get much attention that night; its toilet was very brief, and Easie was just getting into bed herself when Janet appeared at the door.

"Grannie's cryin' on ye, lassie," she said.

Up Easie got and back to Grannie she went. The old woman was looking more comfortable now. The bed had been tidied, and she had been lifted up on the pillows.

"What is't, Grannie?" Easie said, creeping up to the bedside, a funny little figure in her short nightgown.

"Dinna gang awa', Easie; I canna dae wantin' ye," said Grannie.

"Eh, but Easie maun hae her rest," Janet remonstrated. "She's gey tired, puir lassie."

"I'm no tired," quoth Easie sturdily. "I'll bide."

"Aye, just bide a wee while, Easie," Grannie entreated, closing her eyes with a peaceful expression.

Easie gathered her bare feet up under her on the chair and waited; she was tired to death, but her heart bounded with pride and delight. For the first time in life she felt herself essential to someone.

Janet threw a shawl round her and whispered in her ear to stay till Grannie fell asleep, and then to slip away. The room was very quiet; you could hear the ticking of the big clock in the kitchen and the sighing wind round the chimney. Easie, perched up on the chair, a queer frog-like little figure, nodded now and then, then wakened up with the cold, and again would fall into an uncomfortable doze. At last

it seemed safe to go off to bed, and she slipped down from the chair and noiselessly crept out of the room.

Two golden hours of sleep were then granted to her, but only two; by that time Grannie was "cryin'" on Easie again. And once more Easie tore herself out of bed, saying proudly to Janet:

"Ye see, Grannie leans awfu' on me; she canna be long wantin' me."

So it went on every few hours till the day dawned. When it was time to get up in reality, Easie was tired out. But up she had to get, and the bairn had to be dressed and fed; and then the terrifying moment came when she had to descend to the kitchen and encounter Kate McLeod. That good woman had slept off her drunkenness, and wakened sick and savage. She was blundering about the dirty kitchen, incapable of doing any work. Easie thought it best to assume that she knew about Grannie's illness, so she volunteered the information that Grannie had had an "awfae nicht, but was a wee thing better noo." Kate grunted, and did not seem to take in how serious matters were upstairs. She begged Easie to make her a cup of tea, and sat down by the fire to wait for it. Easie hastened with this task, gulped some tea herself, and then ran up again to Grannie's room. She met Janet at the door.

"Bide a minit here, Easie," she whispered. "I'm wantin' a word wi' ye."

"What is't? Is she waur?"

"Aye, she's waur; she's no tae get ower it, lassie. She's up in years, ye ken."

Easie drew in her breath hard. For the second time a great fear took hold upon her. She had never seen death, and the approaching shadow appalled

her. How could she endure to face it?

"Eh, Janet, I'm feared!" she cried instinctively.

"Hoots, lassie! we maun a' see delth soon or late," said the older woman robustly. She was not unkind, but her excellent nervous system did not understand Easie's fears, that was all. "Wheesht! there she's cryin' on ye again," she added. And sure enough Grannie's voice, with a new, strange sound in it, was heard repeating Easie's name.

"Easie—Easie, lassie, are ye no' there?"

"Aye, Grannie, I'm here. I was awa' for my breakfast. I'll no gang awa' another time," Easie cried, pushing her terrors away into the background of her mind with a great effort.

Grannie was white as a sheet of paper now. All the fever was gone for the time being; she lay there shrunken away, it seemed, almost to nothing, but quite collected.

"I'll no get ower this, Easie," she said. "It's a sair brash."

"Maybe ye will," Easie assured her.

"Na, na; I ken fine my time's come tae get awa'." There was silence then, for, child-like, Easie did not know what to say at such a solemn moment. Then the old woman spoke again:

"Ye'll bide wi' me, Easie?"

"Aye, Grannie."

"A' the time, lassie? I canna dae wantin' ye."

"Aye, a' the time."

"Aweel, I'll no fash mair aboot onything," said Grannie, in a satisfied voice.

Easie had taken her vow, but she had still to find how difficult it would be for her to perform it. Fate seemed to have willed that obstacles were to be put in her path.

The Cornhill Magazine.

Jane H. Findlater.

(To be concluded.)

CONDESCENSION.

Condescension is an innate quality. The kingdom of condescension is within. Circumstances may develop but can never create it. Condescending children are not rare. Their voices seem to come from an invisible height, and they rouse in their elders a sudden shyness. A perfectly well mannered and tractable child will often appear to give in out of good-natured indulgence towards those in command, and children will sometimes offer an excuse for the conduct of some elder person which has offended against their innocent standard with a condescension that is almost sublime. Little girls, again, will set themselves to entertain a stranger with whom chance has left them alone in a manner the sweet condescension of which arouses in him or her a sense almost of shame at the bare fact of being grown-up, with all the bigness and self-consciousness inevitable to that state! In spite of embarrassment, however, the visitor usually succumbs to the charms of this type of condescending hostess.

Condescension sits less well upon adolescence. The young people for whom Queen Victoria and her period are as obsolete as Queen Anne and hers are apt to irritate their elders. It is ruffling to be told, however kindly, of the eternal laws which determine human action, and the everlasting relation between cause and effect in the social world, that it "was so once." Now and then, however, the condescension of youth to age is affectionate and pretty, and perhaps it should never be too lightly condemned. Even that half-comic condescension which ignorance sometimes shows to knowledge has its good side,—and youth and age are types of knowledge and ignorance. As we get older we fix our eyes too intently upon the corner of life or of

learning towards which circumstances have directed them. We are all apt to specialize as the years go on, and expert knowledge tends to become narrow, and in the end is only instrumentally useful. The rising generation, full of intuition and energy, makes a careless choice among our striven-for conclusions and takes them over with hardly a nod of thanks. Yet it is to them with their wide ignorance, rather than to us with our narrow learning, that the world must look for progress. So we must accept the nod with gratitude, remembering that without us they could not have been.

The most disagreeable form of condescension is without doubt developed by money, though even then, if the seed does not exist, the richest soil cannot produce the fruit. A humble millionaire is a quite conceivable character. Will not some novelist draw one for us? Not a millionaire with qualms of conscience and scruples in the direction of Socialism, but an immensely wealthy man sure of his right to his possessions, who considers his fortune as no virtue whatever and no claim to the respect of anybody. Too often rich people regard money as a substitute for all other claims to deference, and tend to rank their acquaintance according to their artificial needs. This is specially true of women. They wonder openly, and not without a certain contempt, how poorer people "manage"—people who can eat plain food, wear plain clothes, and live in plain surroundings—and they are apt to show them kindness, as it were, with the tips of their fingers, as beings of a coarser quality than themselves. It is difficult for the professional man not to cherish a grudge towards the newly rich. They have greatly injured the ideal of hospitality with their superb food and

their constant instruction in cupboard-love; but it must be remembered that it is the people who follow a bad example, not the people who set it, on whom the blame for the harm it does should rightly fall. They must indeed have a low opinion of themselves who would shift their proper responsibility on to leaders of fashion. Are we sheep that we should follow a bell-wether clinking coin?

But however unpleasant the condescension of the rich may be, it is natural. Money is power, and those who have power are almost necessarily proud of it. The strange thing is to come across condescension in the very poor. Yet it is to be found among them. They seem sometimes to pity the happy ignorance of the rich. They see so plainly the barriers which we erect between ourselves and the hard facts of life, and think them more effectual than they are. "You know,—or I expect you don't know," they say sometimes as they describe familiar hardships to a well-to-do friend, who is perhaps conscious of repressing a strange momentary envy of a more vivid experience,—an experience he spends his life in avoiding for himself and his children. They must know well that we are afraid of many things that they are not afraid of, that we have falls to dread against which they need take no precaution, that we hate and rebel against illness, with all our alleviations, far more than they do, and that, unlike them, we are not on peaceable terms with "the last enemy." There are times when a poor woman will perhaps unconsciously show us that she knows all this,—smiling at us with a very real condescension from a height we dare not climb. In a different way servants are sometimes condescending. It is not always they who can correctly be described as dependents. Now and then this fact dawns upon some naturally condescending person, and

she—for it is generally a woman—lets it appear.

The meaning of the word "condescension" has changed a little with the times. Johnson in his dictionary ascribes to it a gracious meaning, and no other. "Condescension allays the envy which always attends a high station," he quotes from Atterbury in illustration. Yet he himself, outside his dictionary, uses "condescension" in its worst sense. "My friend received me with all the insolence of condescension," we read. There are several sorts of social condescension which still stand exactly between these two meanings,—the three condescensions, for instance, of philanthropy, officialism, and birth. The great heritage of the highly born is, as Disraeli pointed out, conviction. The Duchess of Bellamont, he tells us, "was brought up in a circle which enjoyed the advantages of knowing exactly what was true in dogma, what just in conduct, and what correct in manners." While all the world is doubting, they remain sure. "He had been educated in his family to believe," writes George Meredith, "that the laws governing human institutions are divine—until history has altered them. They are altered, to present a fresh bulwark against the infidel." This faith is a tremendous asset for those who inherit it, and, as we believe, for the country. Not only is it an inspiration of patriotism, but a piece of invaluable ballast tending to correct the vacillation which inevitably hampers government during all periods of reform. Where it exists with ability it is admirable and enviable in the extreme, and what matter though it makes for an attitude of condescension? If a recollection of long and honorable tradition shows occasionally in the manner of men who made the England of the past, he is but an ignorant churl who could resent it. Surely such pride is more respectable than the nau-

seating pride of doubt which undermines the mental strength of so many intellectual men. On the other hand, when the "faith" we have characterized is found in vapid or stupid persons, when it fills the otherwise empty heads of the man and woman who think only of amusement, and know nothing to be sure of but themselves, then condescension becomes insolence, and the dignity of the past a mere foil to the absurdity of the present.

The condescension of the philanthropist is perhaps the most excusable, indeed the most honorable, of all condescensions. It comes from a determination to make other people see their own interests at any cost, and from the self-control which forbids all open show of anger when they will not see it. The manner thus engendered, however, is not always engaging. Official condescension is irritating in that we trace

The Spectator.

in it what can be traced in no other form of condescension,—the suspicion of a threat. "I can be as gentle as a policeman with a lost child," it seems to say, "but the law and the lock-up are behind me." The last three kinds of condescension are all explicable if we could but bring ourselves to the condescender's point of view. There is a standpoint from which the many-sided virtue of obedience is entirely, is, indeed intoxicatingly, beautiful, and that is the standpoint of authority. We may mention a last and very prevalent form of condescension upon which modesty forbids us to do more than touch, a form for which we must leave it to our readers to find excuse,—the condescension of the newspaper. We will only record that it often irritates its recipients—and small wonder—to the verge of madness.

THE NOVELETTE AND THE SUPERWOMAN.

Stevenson, in an essay which has never been republished, tells how, in a "lone house on a moor," he fell on a packet of penny novelettes, and pursued original research into the pages of the "Young Ladies' Journal," where he obtained an extensive knowledge of the tender affairs of Doris and Sybil. The stories, it seems, were "not ill done, but were well abreast of the average tale in the circulating library," and yet the creator of Alan Ereck and John Silver, and the blind man who came tapping with his stick, complains that the eminent gentleman who contributed to that miscellany had only one tale to tell, forgetting that a French critic has asserted that there is only one subject in literature. In the stories into which Stevenson pursued research, it was the tale of a poor girl, who, after a few tender passages, finally marries

a peer of the realm, and disappears in the society of a diamond tiara, or, "at the worst," she declines on a baronet, and a baronet, if you read such things, is "none accounted of."

But Stevenson is out of date. These were only the dreams of the workman's daughter, and the novelette has now become middle-class. This is no longer the story which appeals to the girl who has shaken herself free from Mid-Victorian traditions and gone out to earn her own livelihood. The journey in the tram and the morning 'bus that bear the typist to the City often occupies two hours of the girl's time, and so she reads as she goes in and reads as she comes back. What these voyagers read must be portable, and must be in accordance with the new ideals of girlhood. The writers are women, and the fictitious names often veil the

identity of authors whose books are on the shelves, and are even asked for at the counter. Some of them are prodigiously industrious, and one overworked lady, who has toiled for twenty or thirty years in this insatiable market, informed the writer that she wrote two novelettes every week, and admitted that, by turning out a hundred new stories every year, she had to pay income tax on £1,500 or £1,600. In all these stories love is the main theme. Like the books of the late Mr. Fielding, they are not produced to prove anything in religion or politics; they are "writ to cure the spleen." And yet they contain latent ideas of social revolt, and throw the strangest light on the changing dreams of middle-class girls.

The wine of social revolt is chiefly in the form of the plot, where a drachm of rebellion is suspended in an ocean of adventure. The figures that move these pleasing tales are no longer the baronet and the humble girl. Gone is the duke; gone the viscount; gone the baronet who was in the Guards, or, if he linger, he is old and quite over forty, and, therefore, almost patriarchal. In the matter of age, at least, the young girl still clings to the ideas of Marianne in "Sense and Sensibility." The story of King Cophetua and the beggar maid, who was raised by her beauty to a throne, has drawn readers by its charm all along the course of literature. But in the stories which the typist reads as she goes to business, or as she lunches on a glass of milk and a slice of cake, it is the maiden who stoops for love, and man is a poor thing whom she puts in his proper place.

The story begins with a young girl. She is too young, perhaps, to bear the shocks of this rough world, though she is the same age as Racine's Julie, and Molière's Agnes, and Voltaire's Zaire; though she is no younger than Shake-

speare's Juliet. But she differs from them in the fact that she has set out to earn her own livelihood, and, like Dogberry, is "one that hath had losses." She may be a typist, she may be a companion, she may be a public singer with a voice which you are informed is "wonderful," or meddle with paints and brushes, in which case you will certainly find her work—about chapter eight—in the Academy, to the envy of mere male artists. In fine, she is now always a member of the middle or professional classes suddenly flung from comparative ease into the arena where she fights for a tumbler of milk and a penny slice of cake in a tea-room. Her father, it seems, was a barrister, the profession of law being greatly overcrowded in fiction. Or, he was an artist, with a real velvet coat and a practicable, but empty purse. Sometimes he falls so low as to be a journalist, but *that* is almost disgraceful.

Along with this lady there is a gentleman who comes from the "Colonies," usually Australia. There is a distinct impression, which the government of that country should seek to counteract, conveyed to the mind of the reader, that there is something disgraceful in those remote parts. He is often declared to be an engineer, but he has never been known to do any work in the course of eight or nine chapters, and his function is to be shut up in "a private lunatic asylum." This gentleman is, of course, the heir to the property which the young lady, at the beginning of the story, has lost through an unfortunate carelessness about a "paper" on the part of the family lawyer. Somewhere, however, about chapter eight, it is discovered—by means of a "paper" in the left-hand drawer of an old bureau—that Mademoiselle, the young lady, who is now companion to an elderly lady with dogs, is the real owner of the property,

and that the young gentleman, the alleged engineer, is penniless.

And then comes a situation which would probably have shocked the late Mr. Pym. "Kathé" (or Claribel, or even Miranda, as the case may be), he says, hoarsely, turning away his eyes from the sight of her tremulous little face, "I am a poor man!"

"No; not poor," she says, with a queer, twisted smile, and her face neatly flushing; "not poor, for you have—you have me!"

Thereupon he gives a start of astonishment, and is handsomely surprised, though, as she has been making the same generous offer every week for twelve years, the gentleman need not have been so disturbed. He even says, "Mirabel (or Kathé, or even Kate), do you mean it?"

And then it transpires that she does. "And with a glad cry, Geraldine goes into his arms, and she has found her happiness at last." "Another Splendid Story Next Week!" But the advertisement is not to be believed. It is the same young man and the same young lady in a new dress or a new moustache, with their names magically changed.

We have only to put this typical case side by side with the scene in "Pride and Prejudice," where Mr. Collins of The Nation.

fers for the hand of Elizabeth, to feel the difference. "I am well aware," he says, in the most handsome manner, "that one thousand pounds in the four per cents.—which will not be yours till after your mother's decease—is all that you will ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent, and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach will ever pass my lips when we are married." This is nobly said but it belongs to an extinct state of society. "So these two," writes a lady in one of the stories which we pass under review; "so these two, whom love was drawing together, were kept apart by circumstances, and Josephine felt that Ralph Connor, the man who owed all he had to her, would never tell his love!" To emphasize the situation, the editor has generously provided an illustration of a sorrowing young lady and a despairing young man sitting in their lonely rooms, far apart, and at opposite sides of the page. These are now the dreams of girlhood. So the china merchant in the fairy tale thought that when he was rich he would spurn the Vizier's daughter. But under her ribbons the heart of the cylist beats true to the instincts of her sex, for she only wishes to give "all" to "Ralph Connor."

ACTING AND CHARACTER.

Isaac Disraeli, commenting on an egregious observation in a "junior periodical" that biographies must lead to melancholy because they were lives of the dead, wrote that "It would have been more reasonable had the critic discovered that our country has not yet had her Plutarch, and that our biography remains still little more than a mass of compilation." If we have not yet had a Plutarch, since the long-ago

days when the last volumes—there were originally six—of the "Curiosities of Literature" made their first appearance, there have been biographies, some of them quite recent, which have in no way been open to the reproach contained in the passage quoted. Not the less it holds a distinctly wholesome warning for all time to those who take up the task of biography, which is more beset with pitfalls than is gen-

erally suspected by readers or fully apprehended by writers. The difficulties are more insistent in the biography of a man whose name and memory are still very present to us, as are Henry Irving's, than in that, to take an extreme case, of Romulus as related by Plutarch. It is not always the objects nearest either to bodily or to mental vision that are the most easily portrayed in such a fashion that their definition may be both complete and clear.

Difficulties of this kind beset Mr. Brereton's "*Life of Henry Irving*,"¹ which contains many interesting passages, and is excellently adorned with collotype plates and other illustrations. Yet one cannot but reflect how much better it would have been as a book in its quiddity if the author had but read and marked to practical purpose Isaac Disraeli's comment on biographies at large. I do not suppose that many readers will take a more lively interest than I do in huge masses of newspaper reports or in criticisms whereof the memory was effaced by Henry Irving long before the striking end of his great career. One can scarce see any object in angry comments made nowadays on such criticisms, many of them written by men of unimpeachably honest purpose. Not the less, as above said, there are many points of interest to be discovered by a patient student, especially in the well-told story of Irving's early days and of his hard struggles with varying fortune in the provinces until, settled in London, he astonished even his admirers by his performance of Mathias in "*The Bells*." For instance, one learns how "about 1854" young "Mr. Brodribb," as Irving then was (he was born in 1838), during residence in London, "enlisted the sympathy of a member of Phelps' company, William Hoskins, who was so much im-

¹ "*The Life of Henry Irving*." By Austin Brereton. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1908. 25s. net.

pressed by the earnestness and capability of the boy that he rendered him far more assistance than strict duty demanded of him." In the result the young aspirant was introduced to Phelps, who, after trying vainly to dissuade him from a stage career, offered him an engagement at Sadler's Wells. It was declined gratefully, as it clashed with a firm resolve to begin in the provinces.

This is a key-note to one side, and that a very important one, of Irving's character throughout his life and career; and that character was the secret of his genius, overcoming all difficulties, cannot be doubted. Another example of the foresight and determination which served him for so many years is found in his later resolve to return to provincial drudgery rather than carry through a London engagement barren of promise. It was a combination of these qualities which enabled him to appear and gain his first true triumph in "*The Bells*," a play which, as I now learn for the first time, had been previously offered to the then manager of the Lyceum and promptly rejected by him. This, as Mr. Brereton says, "made Irving's fight all the harder. Moreover, Bateman had in his mind the popular idea of a burgomaster, and, looking at the slender figure before him, laughed in the actor's face. 'You a burgomaster!' he exclaimed, in good-natured derision, and would hear no more of the subject. The resolution of the actor was not to be shaken. He took advantage of his opportunity and pressed his suit with renewed ardor. The manager, as a last resort, yielded to the earnest entreaty of the actor, and consented to give his views a trial." Once he had yielded, the manager took all pains to help on the play, and rehearsals were assiduous, though most of the company thought Irving "bereft of his senses."

The failure of a rival version in-

creased their gloom and his determination. The first performance of the play was given, on 25 November 1871, to an audience of few and indifferent spectators, who, however, like those who went to see Edmund Kean as Shylock, were presently worked up to an enthusiasm of which they had not dreamt. This was the turning-point of Irving's career; and it may well set one thinking on the part played by what looks like chance in the lives of men who, in various callings, have begun with small opportunities and have, by character, risen to the top of the tree. If one takes Irving's case one notes that he had made a hit in comedy at the S. James' Theatre, another and a greater hit in the eccentric character of Digby Grant at the Vaudeville, and that after these two successes he accepted an engagement at the Lyceum which was necessarily of secondary importance since Mr. Bateman at first relied on a capable low comedian as the protagonist in his company. Questions rise unbidden to the mind as one looks at these facts, which, taken together, are curious enough. One remembers that the actor, with a name already made in renderings of villainy in different kinds and degrees, as in parts belonging to light and eccentric comedy, was taking, of a set purpose to which he had over-persuaded his manager, what was indeed a leap in the dark. I have never heard just exactly how his attention was first called, by L. Lewis, the translator, to Erckmann-Chatrain's "*Le Juif Polonais*." Certainly no one but Irving had then perceived in the part of the murderer from despair, who afterwards becomes the prosperous and respected head of his village, those possibilities of a searching psychological study and of an original powerful impersonation which

The Saturday Review.

he turned to instant and thrilling account. Doubtless he foresaw, more or less clearly, what would follow on this impersonation if the daring venture proved as successful as he hoped. But what an if that was! Had his forecast been mistaken, or had he failed, as in later days he sometimes did, to bring his own conceptions and emotions home to the hearts and brains of his audience, one can but guess at the possible or probable result. Yet it may well be believed that his force of character would, in the end, have carried him over any obstacles. Chance is a convenient word, and one that may very likely have been applied by Irving in his lighter moods to this crisis. But I feel sure that in times of grave reflection, whether alone or with a sympathetic companion, he would have thought not of chance but of a Divinity that shapes our ends.

In such a Divinity Henry Irving certainly believed; and there can be no harm in repeating, what I have said elsewhere, that the influence which most served to deepen his convictions, and which had indeed a most remarkable effect on his spiritual nature, came through Tennyson's "*Becket*."

The history of Sir Henry Irving's closing years is, in general terms, matter of common knowledge, and it would be a tragic history indeed but for the fine example set by his absolutely unflinching courage and devotion to his art in the face of disasters, unforeseen and heavy, which came not single spies but in battallions. It seems significant indeed, in connection with what has just been said about "*Becket*," that the last words spoken on the stage by the great actor were those put into the mouth of the Archbishop by Tennyson: "*Into Thy hands, O Lord!—into Thy hands!*"

Walter Herries Pollock.

DAPHNE.

Here's a tale from times called olden, further qualified as
golden,

When the gods on high Olympus smacked of earth and sun-
burn tan,

With their far from formal Dryads, and their Oreads and
Naiads,

And the questionable doings of the forest Courts of Pan.

At the era that I write on, in the whole of Greece no chiton
Hid a contour more alluring or revealed so fair a cheek
As the one which draped the figure, in its folded classic rigor,
Of a charming girl called Daphne, of a type divinely Greek.

I perhaps may also mention that her eyes were bluest gentian,
While her hair was like the sunshine on the rippling waves
of wheat,

And her face supplied a thesis for the shepherd's pastoral
pieces,

And they laid their choicest garlands at her little sandalled
feet.

But, in spite of rustic sheep's eyes and bucolic winks and deep
sighs,

Daphne shunned alike the pastorals and posies of the herds
For the lonely woodland places or for high and windy spaces,
For the music of the mountains or the singing of the birds.

And if Bacchus and his leopards roused the neighboring
nymphs and shepherds,

When the Bassarid and Maenad made the Vale of Tempe
ring

With their light and larky revels on the misty moonlit levels,
Well, I rather fancy Daphne would avoid that kind of thing.

So the empty weeks that passed her left her cold as alabaster,
Till one day by dark Peneus where the laurel thickets are,
With a certain shy ignition, Daphne met a tall musician
Who in fact was young Apollo who had loved her from afar.

Now, although his reputation gave some cause for conversa-
tion,

Still I think that had she waited he'd have won her at his
ease,

But, when he declared his title, in alarm at its recital
She forsook his further wooing for the butterflies and bees.

Like the summer wind that passes, Daphne fled o'er flowers
and grasses,

For she heard the rushing footsteps race across the scented
thyme,

And in sudden panic ardor she implored the gods to guard her
From the words she vowed were nonsense and the kiss she
called a crime!

And at once her lithe form faltered and grew rigid, and she
altered

To a bush of gleaming laurel in its dark perennial green:
And she grows beside the river where the rushes thrill and
shiver

With an everlasting murmur of the things which might
have been!

And when Autumn days are dying and the wood is full of
sighing,

When there's sobbing in the pine tops and a murmur in the
firs,

Do we tax imagination if we say its lamentation
Is our little Daphne crying for the love that was not hers?

Should we want to pin a moral to this legend of the laurel

For the use of any *débutante* on reaching seventeen,

It is: Don't be too unbending, or you'll run the risk of ending
Not a laurel, but a wall-flower—which is not an evergreen!

Punch.

THE EUROPEAN POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Prof. Ripley, in his Huxley lecture delivered recently before the Royal Anthropological Institute, on the European population of the United States, raised a number of novel and important problems, for the solution of which the evidence is at present insufficient. In contrast to Europe, where the existing races have grown up from the soil, in America they, "one may say, have dropped from the sky. They are in the land, but not yet an integral part of it. They are as yet unrelated to its physical environment." Further, the influence of environment on this diverse

population is as yet little more than a matter for speculation. The day has passed for assuming that the modern American type is a reversion to that of the American Indian; but for the future of this foreign population suddenly planted among new surroundings we must depend more upon speculation than upon prophecy, because as yet, except in the classical records of the armies recruited in the Civil War, anthropological statistics are not available.

The extent of this foreign invasion of the country is stupendous. Twenty-

five million emigrants have landed since 1820, and in 1907 no fewer than one and a quarter million souls were added to the population; and, what is still more remarkable, the source of supply has completely changed in recent years. A quarter of a century ago two-thirds of the annual immigration was in origin Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon; at present less than one-sixth is derived from this source. The newcomers are now mainly south Italian, Russian, or Austro-Hungarian. "We have even tapped the political sinks of Europe, and are now drawing large numbers of Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians." Ninety per cent. of the tailors of New York are Russo-Polish Jews; all day laborers, once Irish, are now Italian; fruit-venders, once Italian, are now Greek. Chicago is now the second Bohemian, the third Swedish, the fourth Polish, the fifth German city in the world.

The question then arises, Will these racial groups coalesce into a more or less uniform American type? In dealing with this problem, Prof. Ripley discusses the causes which promote and those which operate to prevent the union of these races. On the one hand, as tending to combination, he notices the extreme mobility of the newer industrial immigrants, and their readiness to wander into the most distant parts of the country in search of employment; the inequality of the sexes, males being in a large majority, which results in marriage of the newcomers with locally born women. In this connection, he remarks the tendency of the male as he rises in the world to endeavor to improve his social position by marrying into a class higher than his own. The main cause which checks further union of the races is the concentration or segregation of the immigrants in compact industrial colonies or in the large cities of the west.

While the Teutonic races wander far afield as colonists, the Mediterranean, Slavic, and Oriental races herd in the towns.

An investigation of marriage statistics brings out many interesting facts. Even in the case of the Jews, the most exclusive of peoples, there is more intermarriage than is commonly supposed, the Jews in Boston constantly taking as wives Irish or Irish-American women. All the facts of marriage and birth-rates, however, indicate a relative submergence of the Anglo-Saxon stock in the near future. While the birth-rate among them is steadily declining, the fecundity of the foreign races newly arrived in the country shows little signs of diminishing. In Massachusetts the birth-rate of these two races is in the proportion of about one to three. This superiority will probably not be maintained, as even now the fecundity of the foreigners seems to be diminishing after the second generation; but their vitality under a favorable environment is remarkable.

As Prof. Ripley observes, this race struggle is only in its very earliest stage, and it remains to be seen whether the Anglo-Saxon will be able to preserve and transmit his characteristic culture over these hordes of foreigners.

America, including Canada, is thus confronted with a novel series of problems, racial and social, and to add to these she has to deal with a fresh set of difficulties connected with the Negro and the Filipino, with which Prof. Ripley was unable to deal in this address. He cherishes a pious hope that a satisfactory solution will be attained; but this lies in the lap of the future, and it will be well that this notable address should attract on both sides of the Atlantic the attention which it deserves.

Nature.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Professor Harry Snyder's "Human Foods" was originally prepared as a text book for his classes in the University of Minnesota, and the chapter on "Laboratory Practice" and the "Review Questions" will be useful to no one but teachers and students, but the cook and the housekeeper will find the preceding twenty chapters valuable, inasmuch as knowledge of the matters therein treated is indispensable to the preparation of a bill-of-fare that shall be agreeable and nutritious, and not too costly. The composition of food and the changes undergone in cooking having been considered in preliminary chapters, vegetables, fruits, sugar and its products, leguminous plants, nuts, milk and its products, meat, eggs, cereals, wheat flour, bread baking powder, condiments and spices are taken up successively. The cost and value of food, and chapters on dietary studies, rational feeding, water, the effects of household sanitation and storage occupy the remaining space. Simple illustrations are furnished when necessary, but the text is transparently clear, and they are seldom needed. Tables showing the comparative composition and nutritive value of different sorts of food give the finishing touch to an excellent book. The Macmillan Co.

Mrs. Julia de Wolf Addison has explored many art galleries and made many agreeable books describing them, but none of her work is more agreeable than "Arts and Crafts in the Middle Ages," her latest volume. Its interest is manifold, compassing matters as diverse as iron casting, and ivory carving, gold background in mosaics, and the date of the introduction of cross-stitch into England. Indeed, it would be impossible to exaggerate the variety of subjects treated in the book, and aside

from its interest to the general reader, it has great value to any practitioner of an art or a craft, for it contains a vast number of technical hints, smoothing the pathway of the embroiderer, the worker in metal and enamel, the jeweller, the carver, the worker in mosaic, and the illuminator. The author quotes at considerable length from great jewellers and goldsmiths, and presents many anecdotes of gems, jewels, regalia and plate. The pictures second the text, admirably representing a great variety of objects of uncommon and original form. Even the cover is a group of lozenges of carnelian and turquoise on which the crown of Charlemagne, the shrine of St. Patrick's bell and similarly rare objects are blazoned in gold. An interesting bibliography of similar works and an index follow the closing chapter. L. C. Page & Co.

Americans find their college and university presidents much like the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land. There are exceptions, howling exceptions, one is moved to call them considering the manner and volume of their speech, but as a body the presidents are full of good reasons why the American should be not only happy in his country but proud of its conduct and standing, and President Faunce of Brown University is no exception to the rule. His "The Educational Ideal in the Ministry" shows this spirit almost as conspicuously as it shows a spirit, almost proudly Christian, repelling and gently ridiculing those who at this day bring forward the old anti-Christian objections; it exalts the office of the clergy. The criticism of current foibles is excellent and fortifying to weak spirits, and the book seems fitted to aid the young man

planning to enter the ministry and to strengthen the hands of those already in the ranks by assurance of sympathy. The chapter on "The Direction of Religious Education" contains some home truths so important to the State and to the citizen that it is to be hoped that it will be sown broadcast as a tract. Neither the ministers nor the laymen of the United States desire that education in this country shall reflect the education in the French Third Republic, and President Faunce's warning deserves double attention inasmuch as he is not given to despondent vaticination. The Macmillan Company.

The history of something more than eighty years of music in New York is crowded into the pages of Mr. Henry Edward Krehbiel's "Chapters of Opera," together with some seventy portraits and many pictures of opera-houses, and the combination produces a work fascinating to every lover of music or of the stage. Mr. Krehbiel writes with the ease born of long years of work rapidly performed yet carefully considered and of uncommon knowledge, not only of the actual subject but of the foundations upon which that subject rests, the science and art of music, the personal character of the musicians who give it voice and the growth and variations of taste in a New York audience. One might almost write the growth of toleration in a New York audience, inasmuch as the very idea of musical conversation and soliloquy was at first as absurd to New York as it once was to London; whereas now it is impossible to present a musical drama too elaborately and extravagantly for her enjoyment. One might perhaps question whether or not the movement has always been upward considering the character of more than one composition lately presented,

and the costumes, of which Mr. Krehbiel presents one, worn by an actress with an American name who stands in an attitude of which it is impossible to have an opinion that might not be construed as libellous if frankly expressed. Mr. Krehbiel's judgment on these later matters is agreeably remote from laxity, and makes the closing pages of the book remarkable, the more so when one remembers that the season is not yet finished in which a New York newspaper, regarding itself as of the first importance, was forced to discharge its dramatic critic for displeasing a manager. The illustrations of the first chapter show the old Park Theatre, the first Italian Opera House, the Richmond Hill Theatre, the last two looking much like schoolhouses; but in the second chapter one encounters Malibran with the famous basket of curls, Gracia, Da Ponte, and new personages arise at every line, among them many managers, personages only less than singers and as subject to strange vicissitudes. The very opera-houses were strangely short-lived and the language changed from Italian to German, back to Italian and once more to German with enforced deference to the box office, Mr. Krehbiel tells the story with real dramatic power, and with great critical force. As the years go on his work will grow more and more valuable, both to those to whom it is history and those to whom it is reminiscence, for here is a masterly account of the New York phase of an amusement upon which modern Christian civilization is willing to spend its money so lavishly. It is the history of the most pampered of all the arts, the cuckoo which devours the portion of the other nestlings, but leaves no record of itself except in books such as this. "Is not this," as Ruskin asked, "a mystery of life and its arts?" Henry Holt & Co.